J. B. PRIESTLEY: A Personal Note

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The Death of Kamau Kachina

KAMAU was a Kikuyu who died recently. The manner of his death was objectively summarised by a European magistrate, Mr. A. C. Harrison, last week at Nyeri in Kenya. Kamau died in the hands of the British police. "No effort," said the magistrate, "was spared to force him to admit his guilt. He was flogged, kicked, handcuffed with his arms between his legs and fastened behind his neck, made to eat earth, pushed into a river, denied food for a period, and was left out at least two nights tied to a pole in a shed, not surrounded by walls, with only a roof overhead, and wearing merely a blanket to keep out the cold." Although two days before his death he had been reduced to a state in which he could no longer stand, no doctor was called. He was given no trial.

He never admitted guilt and may well have been innocent. A medical witness who gave evidence considered "the most likely cause of death" to be the injuries inflicted on him "together with exposure." The two European police inspectors who had taken such pains to make him admit his guilt were first accused of murder. The charge was altered to "causing grievous bodily harm," to which they pleaded guilty. They were young men aged 22 and 23; they were sentenced to 18 months hard labour.

The magistrate commented that three District Officers, who were also magistrates, had also been, in some degree, involved in the case. One of them (who was fined £10) "took part in beating the deceased without ensuring, or apparently caring, whether Kamau received any trial." Another admittedly gave false information to the C.I.D. when inquiries were made into Kamau's death, and there was evidence that some, if not all, of these magistrates hindered the police investigations. Mr. Harrison added that one clear reason for such incidents was that these officers were armed with both executive and judicial power. In other words, young, untrained officials in the heated atmosphere of Kenya are given power to decide that a man is guilty without trying him, to authorise others to torture him and, if they like, take part in the torture, in order to make him confess to crimes of which he may not be guilty.

This is not the first of such incidents in Kenya. Similar (if less gross) abuses involving the police force led last year to the dispatch of Colonel Arthur Young to inquire into police methods in Kenya. Among his criticisms was this overlapping of executive and judicial powers, to which Mr. Harrison referred. Colonel Young's recommendations were rejected, and he himself resigned. The second comment must be that every African who knows of this case—and few Africans will remain ignorant of it—is bound to notice that while a Kikuyu may be legally put to death for possessing a gun, Europeans are guilty only of committing grievous bodily harm if a tortured prisoner dies in their hands. Thirdly, it is remarkable that this case has aroused no public protest in this country, which used to be sensitive to issues of justice. In Africa itself, the notion that there is one law for the White and another for the Black (which is legally accepted in South Africa) is easily assumed by Europeans in other parts of Africa. We have no doubt, for instance, that the correspondent from Northern Rhodesia whose letter we print this week is, like most of his European club-mates, in other respects a kindly and decent man; pathetically, he assumes that British people only protest when a Negro dies after being flogged because they are ignorant of African conditions.

We claim in this country that, in recent years, the British have a better colonial record than the French, whose massacres in North Africa were so faithfully reported last week by our Paris Correspondent. We say, truthfully, that the British are attempting to end the reign of terror and counter-terror in Malaya by constitutional changes, and Mr. Lennox-Boyd can point with some pride to recent advances that result from his visit. He must now tackle the *colons* in Kenya.

The News in Review

At Home

THE London Conference on Cyprus had, in effect, reached deadlock by last week-end when the three Foreign Ministers completed their opening statements and formally established the complete incompatibility of the Greek and Turkish points of view. Early this week the Turkish Foreign Minister bluntly—and no doubt justly—told the press that the Conference could serve no further useful purpose, and had better be wound up as soon as possible. In spite of this, Mr. Macmillan, on Tuesday, put forward the British "plan" for Cyprus—i.e., considerable self-government without self-determination. The extreme difficulty of his present situation is well illustrated by the plan's reception: it was, apparently, totally unacceptable to both Greeks and Turks, to the Greeks because it did not provide for self-determination, and to the Turks because it did provide for self-government. The Turkish attitude seems indeed to have hardened to the point where Ankara will oppose any reasonable move towards self-government, presumably calculating that even limited self-government is almost bound to increase the influence of the Greek Cypriots at the expense of the Turkish and so intensify the drive towards union with Greece. All in all, Greco-Turkish relations are now about as bad as it is possible between fellow members of the Western alliance. Meanwhile, the dispatch of a British marine commando from Malta to Cyprus provides a grim pointer to the reality of the problem which Britain may have to face, now the London Conference has broken up.

THE latest figures on national income and expenditure do not lend support to the campaign against wage increases. Even when the rise in earnings is averaged out over the nine post-war years—and without making any allowance for the steady growth in the labour force, or for overtime working—it seems that wages have only just kept level with prices; and during the past two years both profits and dividends have risen more sharply than wages. Consumption, indeed, has risen very little: even today consumption per head is only 4.5 per cent. higher than in 1938-9. One reason for this, of course, is the fact that a substantial part of the wage bill covers goods and services for the armed forces: the larger the rearmament programme, the more earnings rise, yet goods do not reach the home market, and inflation follows. While this is not the only cause of inflation, it is an important one because it distorts the economy; and wage restraint, taxation and dear money are simply attempts to correct that distortion. The Treasury figures also suggest that, without public spending, the present boom would be much less ebullient. It is the public sector that has been "investing in success"; though that sector covers only about one-fifth of the economy, it accounts for almost half the current capital investment. Thus, in the boom conditions of the past three years, business has been passing on its profits and failing to plough them back on an adequate scale.

DR. CLARENCE SENIOR and Mr. Douglas Manley have now completed their nine-week survey of West Indian immigrants in Britain. Though their final report to the Jamaican Chief Minister, Mr. Norman Manley, has not yet been prepared, they have already reached some tentative conclusions. First, they believe that, under full employment, there is no difficulty in finding work for West Indian immigrants, and that the rapid turnover in jobs in the entry trades is no higher for West Indians than for other newcomers to the labour force, such as Irish immigrants. Secondly, they concede that colour prejudice is increasing in Britain, as a result of this immigration—in most cases it diminishes once a group becomes accustomed to living and working alongside West Indians—but Dr. Senior argued that the public authorities, notably the Ministry of Labour and the Assistance Board, were doing their utmost to ensure smooth assimilation, and that they were receiving considerable help from voluntary organisations and the Churches. It is clearly desirable that the West Indian Governments should do more to prepare emigrants for British conditions, and that they should set up a central office in London to deal with the problems that arise here. But, so long as the migration continues, the real problem is British public opinion, which has never before had to adjust itself to a substantial immigration of "visible" newcomers.

IN asking the T.U.C. to support his efforts to secure for footballers "the same rights as all other employees," Mr. Jimmie Guthrie used such phrases as "human bondage" and "bought and sold like cattle." He was, no doubt, guilty of pardonable hyperbole. The fact remains that the substance of his case—that the professional footballer, by reason of his conditions of employment, is in a uniquely disadvantageous position compared with other wage-earners—was amply made out. For a number of years the Players Union, under Mr. Guthrie's energetic leadership, has been vainly campaigning to persuade the Football Association to overhaul its archaic system of contracts and transfers: now that the Union is armed with the tremendous cannon of T.U.C. support, it seems sure, in the end, to win its fight. It is indeed, in the present state of industrial labour relations, impossible to justify the system under which the professional footballer still has to work; and Mr. Guthrie was able to cite to the T.U.C. enough examples of abuse to show that this objection is not merely academic. Football may be a "sport," but it still has an obligation to conform to the normal conditions of employment in industry. Professional football has, on the contrary, become a vastly profitable branch of the entertainment industry; and if most of its profits are indirect, going to the pools promoters and the newspapers, that is no reason why the players should be compelled to work in conditions which unfairly limit their right to sell their labour.

Overseas

ISRAEL and her Arab neighbours were probably nearer to war during the past week-end than at any time since 1948. Fighting in the Gaza strip between Israeli and Egyptian regular forces was almost continuous for five days, while behind the frontier on both sides—and in Jordan—considerable troop movements seem to have taken place. The Jordan frontier remained quiet; but it was officially intimated from Amman that the Jordanian army was ready to move at short notice in support of Egypt. On Sunday last, just when a general explosion seemed imminent, first the Egyptian and then the Israeli authorities gave the U.N. truce observer the long-awaited assurance of a cease fire. This particular series of incidents appears to have arisen out of a carefully planned Israeli patrol operation to destroy the base from which Egyptian self-styled "commandos" have been operating inside Israel. This operation was followed by retaliation, counter-retaliation and so on. It is probably more than a coincidence that such an exceptionally grave disturbance should have come at a moment when the political leaders in both countries were under some degree of internal pressure. The recent Israeli election showed a definite shift of opinion towards "activism"; and Mr. Ben Gurion, preoccupied with the problems of forming a government, must have been particularly sensitive to any suggestion of Israeli acquiescence in the activities of the Egyptian commandos. In Cairo, the degree of division in the Revolutionary Council over the dismissal of Major Salem is still unclear; but Colonel Nasser and his colleagues may have been glad of the opportunity to distract public opinion from internal dissension by a redoubled display of external toughness. In such an atmosphere Mr. Dulles's constructive proposals for a general settlement may, unhappily, have had the immediate effect of provoking a belligerent response on both sides of the line.

THOUGH Mr. Nehru won the unanimous support of the Council of States for his foreign policy last Tuesday, his approach to the issue of Goa was bitterly attacked. He held that Goa was already geographically part of India; that it would naturally and inevitably become part of the Indian Union; that it would be disastrous for India to use force at a time when Delhi's influence in the world rested on the doctrine that all problems should be peacefully solved. In the circumstances, he thought, even mass *satyagraha* was unwise. Goa would go through two stages: first, she would become independent; and secondly Goans would desire to become part of India. This was, of course, an opportunity for the Communists, who see in mass action about Goa the opportunity of seizing for themselves the leadership of Indian nationalism. Mr. Gupta, Communist leader in the Upper House, also sought to embarrass the Premier by urging that Indian pressure should be brought to end colonial rule in Kenya and Malaya. On Goa, a useful suggestion has been made in the correspondence columns of *The Times* by Mr. Horace Alexander, one of the closest of Gandhi's friends. Since Indian public opinion will not, in spite of Mr. Nehru's caution, long tolerate Portuguese rule in Goa, might not effective mediation come from Britain, which is friendly both to Portugal and India?

PRESIDENT PERON'S offer to resign was a carefully stage-managed show of strength. Twice before, he has used variations of the same tactic to demonstrate that he can be replaced only at the cost of bloody civil war against the powerful Peronista trade unions. Last week, the unions were called on once again to insist that Peron remain in office, and at the same time, the opposition parties were sharply reminded to accept uncomplainingly the restrictions that were temporarily lifted after the abortive revolt. There is no sign that Peron was ever seriously endangered this summer. But even if his regime was temporarily shaken, it now seems to be set as firmly as ever on its popular base, and to be continuing its fitful campaign against oligarchs and clericals.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bristol

Communicating With the Public

Ritchie Calder writes from the British Association: Eminent scientists could once well afford to save up their momentous discoveries for the British Association and explain them there in words of less than five syllables. Today learned societies, together with their language of convenience, have multiplied inside science; and new knowledge is more likely to be announced in the proceedings of one of these societies, or in one or other of the 40,000 scientific journals which exist in various parts of the world. So the British Association is no longer the principal public platform for original disclosures.

But even if it were, great modern discoveries are seldom self-evident, and there is a powerful case for papers which assess and examine the "growing points of science." These can have the special importance of stimulating fresh curiosity between the different branches of science itself. In this category, at Bristol last week, were such papers as Sir Alexander Todd's *Nucleic Acid Structure and Function*, and Professor M. F. Mott's *Physics of the Solid State*. Sir Alexander's paper will probably be quoted as a classic in years to come. It dealt with the revolution which has taken place in the past five years in our understanding of the basic chemistry of the living cell. It is by the combined efforts of chemists, physicists and biologists that the innermost secrets of "life, heredity and disease" (to quote Sir Alexander's own words) have been probed. The organic chemists could go so far and no further in defining the nature of the nucleic acids. The crystallographers went further.

Watson and Crick, at the Cavendish Laboratory, developed a model to explain what the chemists had found. Wilkins, Franklin, Gosling and others, at King's College, London, confirmed the lessons of the model by X-ray researches. And now there exists a plausible picture, which chemists may soon reproduce artificially, of a kind of "spiral escalator" of atoms. In the bonding and juxtaposition of the atoms in those spiral chain-molecules lie possibilities, perhaps as profound as the chain reaction in atomic fission. As living beings we are vitally concerned how genes, which Waddington has called "the atoms of life," are chemically formed. For genes are what determine the perpetuation or transformation of the characteristics of the human, animal or plant species. And when the layman can escape from Sir Alexander's polysyllabic language of "macro-molecular substances," "heterocyclic bases" and "polynucleotide chains," it needs but a small stretch of imagination to picture the creation of primitive life—viruses, perhaps, or bacteria—from lifeless elements in the laboratory.

Yet this paper, as Professor Mott's and so many others, was addressed exclusively to scientists in the language appropriate to learned societies. Is this, ask impatient journalists, the function of the British Association? And this is the Association's recurring quandary. It must cater for the scientists who want to hear their kind, and at the same time for the wider public outside the 3,000 who attend its lectures. It can be fairly argued that scientists already have innumerable opportunities of talking to one another and that there should be at least one annual event when they ought to keep open house for the public. I would go further and advocate not only a reduction in the number of papers—at present nearly 350 in the five days—but a set theme for the whole Conference. Imagine the public attention which the British Association could attract if it took as a theme, for instance, "The Atomic Age," and if every section of the Association were to discuss, from its own point of view, this new challenge to our life. However that may be, the least the British Association should do is to set an example in producing coherence in the pronouncements of science. At present, as has been truly observed, the voice of science is becoming a gabble of glottal noises.

Paris

Nearing the Dead-line

Our Paris Correspondent writes: With only a few days to September 12, which M. Faure imposed on himself as his dead-line for the formation of a "representative Moroccan Government," it is still impossible to calculate his chances of success. The Faure Cabinet is, from time to time, capable of reaching agreement on a general principle, but it never agrees about the means of carrying it out. In this case, Ministers continue to hold their own personal views about what the future government of Morocco ought to be, and they all work actively for their own various—and even contradictory—solutions. M. Grandval's letter to President Coty has added to the confusion. Grandval has been generally considered as advocating the restoration of the Sultan in exile; indeed, this was the reason for many of the attacks on him. But, in his resignation letter, he explained that he was in disagreement with M. Faure's Government because its policy will "lead to the *unconditional* return to the throne of the former Sultan." On the face of it, that is a contradiction which has shocked a great many people in both France and Morocco.

In fact, M. Grandval's position is pretty clear: France must negotiate with the former Sultan if a calmer atmosphere is to be created in Morocco; further, it must seek to obtain from Ben Youssef, in return for concessions to him, agreement on the formation of a Moroccan Government. In a word, France must aim at a compromise which would make Morocco "governable," or else lose face. M. Grandval's charge against the Faure Government is that it has made such a compromise almost impossible. By putting on Ben Arafa the responsibility of trying to form a Government, M. Faure has demonstrated to the whole world that the present Sultan stands for precisely nothing in Morocco. Further, by delaying action for so long, he has given the Berber tribes the chance to prove by their actions that the supposed allies of France are, in fact, enemies. Thus, claims M. Grandval, the Faure Government has thrown away its trump cards, and very soon there will be no peaceful solution in Morocco other than to accept Ben Youssef on his own terms. To do that would, in M. Grandval's opinion, be a disaster. A loss of face is never forgotten in the Arab world; and, once they had succeeded in restoring the exiled Sultan by force, the Moroccans would continue their revolt until it ended in the total evacuation of the French.

There are various views about the correctness of this appreciation; but one fact is certain: the publication of the Grandval letter in the press has rendered M. Faure's task extremely difficult. Ben Youssef, reading M. Grandval's analysis, may well calculate that time is on his side. There is an old Arab saying, "I need not fear an enemy once I am familiar with his weapons." Nobody is more familiar with the weapons—or rather the lack of weapons—of France than Ben Youssef; but without his approval, no representative government in Morocco is possible. That is the background to the despatch, last week-end, of French and Moroccan delegations to Madagascar. Whether the French will succeed in selling the idea of compromise to a man who has gained so much of his objective by simply sitting tight and showing patience, is another matter.

Tokyo

Reluctant Dragon

A Correspondent in Tokyo writes: Ever since Mr. Shigemitsu made his sudden request for an immediate visit to Washington last April, it has been said that the main purpose of any such visit would be to "remove misunderstandings." By the time the audience was granted last week, events had reduced the need for "explanations" concerning Japan's "two-faced diplomacy." Since it became clear that the Russians were not giving anything away in London, and since Chou En-lai's recent speech demanding reparations as a condition for a settlement, there has been little prospect of Japan allowing herself to be wooed far out of the American camp. It was, however, still necessary to "explain" Japan's slow progress in rearmament and her grudging co-operation with America's strategic plans. For although rearmament is accepted, it arouses little enthusiasm. Just after Shigemitsu left for Washington, for instance, Mr. Hatoyama was asked by reporters about next year's budget. Would defence expenditure be increased? It is not the Government's wish to do so, he said, "but in view of the Security Pact with America, I don't see how it can be avoided." Despite a sprinkling of ex-generals and admirals among them, few conservative politicians would welcome anything that could be called a "resurgence of Japanese militarism." Life offers more rewards as a democratic politician than it did as a hanger-on of the military even in the days of Japanese glory. Today, despite the loss of colonies, markets and resources, the standard of living is higher than ever (Japan now has 700,000 washing machines and three million cameras, according to a recent magazine article) largely because only 2 per cent. of the national income now goes to military expenditure—and this is a state of affairs which no politician wishes to take responsibility for altering. What conservative politicians do want is, first and foremost, enough rearmament to persuade the Americans to go home and so remove the most offensively overt signs of satellite status; enough rearmament, also, to deal with the threat of Communist revolution; enough rearmament to satisfy lingering pre-atomic notions that a land army is a guarantee of, and an assertion of, international equality; and an opportunity, through rearmament, of disciplining the youth of the nation into immunity from dangerous thoughts.

What, then, did Shigemitsu, and the other two party leaders sent to keep an eye on him (few Japanese governments have been more riven by internal dissensions and personal rivalries than the present), have to tell Mr. Dulles in Washington? That co-operation with America is still the unshaken foundation of Japanese foreign policy. That although there is no immediate prospect of the Defence forces being increased to the total of 350,000 urged on the Japanese Government ever since the MSA

negotiations in 1953, the Government has a six-year plan at the end of which Japan should have 180,000 troops, a navy of 120,000 tons and 3,000 aircraft. That although the extension of the run-ways at the Tachikawa U.S. air-base (which should have been completed two months ago) has so far been prevented by a sit-down strike of the villagers who stand to lose their land, the Government is confident that it can carry the work through. That although the Bill to establish a National Defence Council failed to pass through the last Diet session owing to tactical struggles between the two conservative parties, there is every prospect of a party merger which would consolidate the conservative forces and ensure the smooth completion of Defence plans in the future. But the Japanese Government would be very grateful if the long-rumoured withdrawal of American ground troops from Japan could take place, if a more generous reduction in Japan's share of the cost of maintaining American bases could be made in time for next year's budget, and if the Security Pact could be revised and put on a footing of greater equality. The talks have varied very little from the pattern of the Ikeda-Robertson talks of 1953 and the Yoshida-Eisenhower talks of 1954. The only new features apparent in last week's joint communiqué are the release of war criminals and the promise of negotiations to replace the Security Pact by a Mutual Defence Pact.

Brazil

The Shadow of Getulio Vargas

A South American Correspondent writes: One year after the death of Getulio Vargas, "the little father of the people," his memory still dominates Brazilian political life. The party platforms for the presidential election of October 2 are not so much statements of policy as assurances of pro-Vargas or anti-Vargas sentiment. A quarter of a century of paternalistic dictatorship failed to produce any concrete political philosophy, but enough precedents were established on all aspects of government to provide Vargas's followers with a loosely consistent attitude to political problems. This is what Brazilians like to call "Getulismo"; a hodge-podge of social and economic reformism, Fascist-like ideas about the State, paternalistic concern for the underprivileged and a strong dose of sentimentalism. But there is enough reformism in this Getulismo to cause great alarm among the property-owning groups and their staunch allies in the army hierarchy. Furthermore, Getulio's State-controlled trade union movement has since his death become independent, vociferous in its attacks upon the privileged classes and conscious of its enormous and growing power. Thus, in the presidential elections, Getulismo is being attacked by the Right-wing not only because it promises to restore the Vargas regime, but because it has become synonymous with militant trade unionism.

Leading the Getulistas are two men who, in turn, represent the main currents within the movement. Juscelino Kubitschek, the presidential candidate sponsored by the Social Democratic and the Labour Parties, resigned his important governorship of Minas Geraes to be able to stand. He represents the moderate wing of Getulista opinion, sharing the intense economic nationalism of Vargas, but wary of giving too much political power to the trade unions or of allowing them to become a decisive factor in the formulation of economic or social policies. Running with him as candidate for the vice-presidency is Joao Goulart. Goulart was appointed Minister of Labour by Vargas when he was only 34 years old, that is, two years ago. He promptly became the centre of a heated controversy between the army and the President, which ended with Goulart's resignation in February, 1954. The crisis was caused by his proposal to double the minimum wage for labourers to 2,400 cruzeiros (approximately £14 per month). Goulart is the acknowledged leader of the trade unions and the most controversial figure in present-day Brazilian politics. The army is pledged to prevent his election to office and has tried every means to do so. However, it is probable that he will be elected Vice-President, no matter who becomes President (the President and the Vice-President are elected on different ballots).

Kubitschek and Goulart are opposed by three other candidates, the most powerful of whom is the Right-wing Liberal, Adhemar de Barros, the ex-governor of the State of Sao Paulo. The Paulistas have nursed a private grudge against everything Vargas stood for ever since their unsuccessful revolt against the dictator in 1932. In addition to this important regional support, Adhemar de Barros has with him the business interests of the country who are naturally afraid of an extension of State economic power and particularly of the growth of trade unionism. The third candidate is the army's official nominee, General Juarez Tavora, who has little chance of winning a free election. Finally there is Plinio Salgado, the famous Brazilian Fuehrer who led the Nazi Integralista movement in the 1930s. He has a very small and very loyal following, but not the slightest chance of achieving office. The strong and well-organised Communist Party, although outlawed, has declared that it will support Kubitschek and Goulart in the elections—*if these take place.* This is a very big "if," because as the polling day draws near it is more obvious to the army and the Right-wing that the dreaded Getulistas are likely to win by a substantial majority against a divided opposition. This the army is not likely to accept calmly, especially as it is now in a position to effect a bloodless coup, which could either postpone the election indefinitely or set up a military dictatorship with Juarez Tavora at the helm. It is significant in this context that, since Vargas's death, the army has increased its establishment to a peacetime high of a quarter of a million men under arms.

Cyprus

The First Stage of Terror

A Correspondent in Limassol writes: Since last January, when a Greek caique, ironically named the St. George, was seized off Cyprus carrying arms, explosives and pamphlets calling for liberation, this friendly, happy-go-lucky island has witnessed the gradual growth of terrorism and brutality. First attempts were amateurish and ineffective. But the terrorists, as in the early days of the Palestine troubles, are beginning to learn. Although a number of arrests have been made among some of the youths who carry out the terrorists' orders, security forces have so far been unable to break into the organising headquarters of EOKA—the extreme Right-wing terrorist organisation. As in the anti-terrorist campaign in Malaya, the main problem has been the unwillingness of the local population to give information against the terrorists. The assassination of police agents in broad daylight in the streets of Nicosia has not encouraged informers. As one Cypriot said to me: "Even if we have the information, how are we to be sure that the policeman to whom we pass it is not himself an EOKA member?"

Returning to the "terror island" of the popular press after a year's absence, I found the atmosphere little changed. There are, of course, occasional demonstrations, army road blocks, night patrols, roads swept by searchlights and a growing rash of blue EOKA signs on the coffee shop walls. And now and then there is the casualty to the terrorist bomb or shot. So far, however, there is little sense of sustained tension and fear which some of the British papers have led their readers to expect. British and Cypriots continue to mix in an easy unselfconscious way rare in a colony. But the many close friendships that have been made are in danger of turning to mistrust because of the impersonal workings of international politics. Until recently there was a fairly widespread belief that Enosis should not be taken too seriously because it was an issue based on emotion, not reason. "The Cypriots cannot really want it, it would bankrupt the country" was the sort of argument put forward. But in holding this opinion, many paternal British officials confused what the Greek Cypriots logically ought to want with what they do want. Emotion, not reason, is now the guiding political factor in the Eastern Mediterranean.

What the VICKY saw

The Real Split in the T.U.C.

THIS year, as for several years past, the voting at the T.U.C. reveals a split between the skilled unions and the rest. Though this often takes the form of a conflict between the moderate leaders on the platform and Communists from the floor, the differences go far deeper. The skilled unions in manufacturing industry do not oppose restraints on wage demands and strikes merely because they have Communist officials: often the Communists have gained office just because they have been ready to give the tough leadership. For skilled men are in a position to get what they want by strikes or threats of strikes. The general and white-collar unions, on the contrary, cannot bargain so effectively. And they have therefore tried to protect their members by more indirect methods; they would rather have price control than wage increases and, as they did under the Labour Government, they would happily accept wage restraint in exchange for a policy which, by food subsidies and welfare measures, raised the social wage.

This is not so easy since Mr. Butler set the economy free. Even the general unions have been driven back to traditional methods in the past two years. But the difference in outlook remains, and Tuesday's vote on the T.U.C. rules symbolised it. By a 5 to 3 majority the General Council secured power to intervene in disputes before and not after negotiations have broken down. On balance, this may be a sensible change. It would have permitted earlier intervention in the railway and newspaper strikes this year.

Though it is in fact unlikely that the General Council will intervene except in serious disputes, there is no doubt that Mr. Williamson and Mr. Tiffin do want to limit what they believe are irresponsible strikes, discrediting the movement before public opinion. And their opponents dislike the new rule because they fear that the weight of the General Council will be thrown against them. If they believed that the General Council would intervene on their side, as it rallied behind the miners in 1926, they would be less reluctant to give up some of their autonomy. But now, they suspect, this is simply another manœuvre by the general unions to apply the brake to wage demands and to enable the moderate leaders to play the part of industrial statesmen above the battle.

Traditionally, however, it was the Left in the trade union movement that demanded greater powers for the General Council, so that it could become a general staff for the movement. That remains a good objective. If the trade unions are to adapt themselves to the new industrial conditions, they will have to accept changes in their own functions and structure. And that is bound to mean giving more authority to the General Council, so that it may carry through these changes with the minimum friction. The movement needs to move towards more industrial unionism, not merely for ease of organisation and efficiency in negotiation, but also because a trade union today needs to know as much about its industry as the employers. It cannot do that—and thereby both raise productivity and ensure that its members share adequately in the fruits of higher output—unless its officials belong to the industry themselves and are as willing as American trade unions to employ expert advice.

This is where the difficulty lies. For the general unions are simply not competent to do that: they are not sufficiently homogeneous, their members are often unskilled or poorly organised, and their head office staff has to spread its energies over hundreds of trades and thousands of establishments. Yet it is these unions who effectively control the General Council and, by the present method of election, ensure that union leaders who disagree with them are tamed or excluded.

And so the T.U.C. continues to muddle along, when it should be the most forceful influence in our economy, waging a simultaneous struggle for greater industrial efficiency and higher living standards for its members. Both wings have a case, both have a contribution to make. But, under present circumstances, they have too little common ground on which to meet, too much suspicion of each other to break down the inertia of their own vested interests.

Private Practice in the Health Service

(By a Medical Specialist)

THE provision of medical benefits has been regarded as an integral part of National Health Insurance schemes since the Act of 1912. The success of these social security measures depends on the beneficiaries receiving the medical treatment needed to restore them to health. The Conservative Party, however, takes the view that the provision of free treatment under the National Health Service is an act of charity. "It remains the belief of this party, apart from economic circumstances, that there should be charges in the Health Service," said Mr. Macleod in the speech that won him promotion to Minister of Health. And so the Tories and the leaders of the medical profession have a common interest in stimulating private practice.

Attacking the Labour Party's decision to abolish pay-beds, Mr. Macleod told a recent Tory conference: "If a man wants to pay his coppers and shillings every week to a hospital contributory scheme rather than spend it on the pools, so that he or his wife or children when they are ill may have some privacy, what is wrong with that?" Of course, as Mr. Macleod is perfectly well aware, there is no need to become a private patient to secure privacy. The ordinary hospital patient can secure it in one of the amenity beds, costing 2 to 4 guineas a week. The real reason why people seek private treatment is that they believe it to be superior to what the Scheme provides.

Despite the fact that the 1944 White Paper, setting out the aims of the Scheme, expressly stated: "Nor must anyone have reason to believe that he can obtain more skilled treatment by obtaining it privately than by seeking it under the new Service," the existence of two standards of treatment—a superior for the private patient and an inferior for the hospital patient—is now freely admitted. The B.M.A. delegates, in evidence to the Select Committee on Estimates, listed the advantages enjoyed by a private patient as: "The choice of a consultant surgeon, the guarantee that you will be in his personal charge, and he will do the treatment himself upon you." In other words, if you cannot afford private treatment, you may be operated on by a less experienced surgeon.

Not only does the existence of the two standards of treatment impair the hospital patient's confidence in the efficacy of the treatment he receives under the Scheme, but it puts the emphasis on the cure, rather than on what should be the ideal of the Service, the prevention of disease. The rich rewards of private practice are not gained by preventing people from falling ill, but by curing them when they do.

The B.M.A. proposal to the Select Committee was that amenity beds should be abolished and that there should be a uniform charge of 10 guineas a week for pay-beds—the charges then ranged from 10 to 30 guineas. The delegates were also in favour of "hotel charges" for hospital patients: "If a person is disabled and has to go into hospital under the N.H.I. scheme, he will receive certain benefits by virtue of being out of work. It is felt that he might well pay for his board and even something towards his lodging in hospital."

Mr. Macleod has already gone as far to meet the specialists in private practice as the size of the Conservative majority in the last Parliament would allow him. He has reduced the charges for pay-beds, and increased the fees which specialists can charge their private patients in these beds—the maximum fee for an operation has been raised from 75 to 125 guineas.

Not only is the part-time consultant now adequately paid for his hospital work, which he formerly did free, but he enjoys the following advantages over his whole-time colleague, doing exactly the same work: for 9 sessions a week he is paid $\frac{12}{17}$ of the corresponding whole-time salary (£2,100-£3,100 a year), or from £1,805 to £2,669; he can earn up to £840 a year for domiciliary visits, giving him a higher salary and pension; he can claim up to £190 a year travelling allowance for routine journeys to and from his main hospital, and is allowed one hour's travelling time out of each 3½-hour session; and he has the right to engage in private practice, and can thus secure income tax rebate on many of his expenses.

Despite the urgent need for economy in the Health Service, which Mr. Macleod is always stressing, he has consistently encouraged the appointment of part-time specialists in preference to whole-time. Where regional boards have refused to carry out this policy, the recalcitrant members have been removed.

In 1949, the Conservative manifesto, *The Right Road for Britain*, promised that private patients of general practitioners would have free drugs. However, this proposal did not prove a vote-catching measure and was subsequently dropped. Nevertheless a group of die-hard general practitioners in the B.M.A. have been pressing for the Minister to honour his party's pledge. The matter was considered by the Central Health Services Council under its chairman, Sir Henry Cohen, Professor of Medicine at Liverpool University—the Cohen Committee. The decisions of this committee carry considerable weight because the Central Health Services Council is a statutory body, appointed to advise the Minister on the running of the Health Service, and its report, published in July, 1954, stated that many of the doctors who wished to use the Service to prescribe for private patients were "unwilling to enter into

any contract with, or submit to any conditions within the Service" and the Committee "therefore does not recommend that doctors be allowed to use N.H.S. prescription forms for their private patients." On July 22, 1954, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health told a questioner in the Commons that the report was unanimous. This reply provoked a spate of letters in the *British Medical Journal* from general practitioners on the Committee, stating that they disagreed with its findings.

Later, Mr. Macleod told an Executive Council Meeting that his objection to the proposal was financial—it would cost £2 to £3m. a year.

However, more interesting revelations followed. Sir Henry Cohen told a meeting of the Executive Councils Association: "The final decision of my committee was determined by one major concept. If you allow patients who pay their doctor a fee privately to have drugs under the N.H.S., you are creating within the N.H.S. two standards of general practice with all the disadvantages thereof. . . . But this committee's decision was not determined by the fact that certain doctors would not enter into any contractual obligation within the Service at all. It was determined solely by the one point, the difficulty of working with two standards of general practice within the N.H.S."

But if two standards of general practice are unworkable, how can two standards of consultant practice be justified? The Health Service is now at the parting of the ways. If the drift of consultants into part-time service continues unchecked, the main function of the Scheme will soon be to subsidise specialists setting up in private practice. At present the waiting time under the Scheme for such operations as removal of the tonsils is anything up to a year at many hospitals, whereas a patient at these same hospitals who can afford to pay 30 to 40 guineas for having his tonsils out privately need not wait more than a week or so. The result of Mr. Macleod's present policy must inevitably be to encourage the spread of this and other highly undesirable practices within the N.H.S.

London Diary

In China a few months ago, I enjoyed the behaviour of officials when I congratulated them on not repeating the Soviet Union's disastrous mistake of bullying the peasants into collectivisation. Incipient smiles of gratification were at once suppressed: it was not proper to participate in any criticism of the U.S.S.R. Later I began to hear them boast that, since 1954 (when Peking still walked warily), a real drive towards peasant collectivisation had been begun. The news now is that this led, as was to be expected, to some peasant resistance, to black marketing, eventually to a rationing scheme for the towns. Now, I am told, the Chinese Government has seen the red light—and, ironically, the Russians have been warning them of their danger—and the drive towards Socialism on the land is being relaxed. To which my own comment is that the greatest error of Communists is to attempt to play the part of an omnipotent Deity. Developments on the ideological front are even more disturbing. Hundreds of thousands of trials are announced on the usual Communist charges of sabotage, counter-revolution, and the rest. This seems to mean that every inefficiency is now given one of these terrible names. If your secretary makes a typing error, she is an obvious criminal. This doesn't mean that she is to be punished as such, but that it is thought that the others would be less encouraged if she were merely sacked as inefficient. Again, there is an unpleasant suggestion of the Inquisition in the persecution of Hu Feng, one of the Party's leading intellectuals, and of Liang Hsu Ming, a leading sociologist and Left-wing liberal, who visited Yenan, and was so impressed by Mao Tse-tung that he accepted nomination to the People's Congress, where, however, he was bold enough to insist on the right and duty of public criticism.

* * *

A "family magazine" of a somewhat novel type called *Yours* is now announcing itself to the public. Hitherto, advertisers have usually taken for granted that people will only pay attention to what they pay money for. The publishers of this new magazine hope to persuade advertisers, rather on the model of commercial television, to act as "sponsors" for every feature of the paper, which will be circulated free of charge to a million people selected from the telephone directory. Thus there will be no straight "advertisements," merely the usual popular features from home-making and fashions to strip cartoons, paid for by sponsors. The impact, it is suggested, "will be tremendous." One sees what they mean. Supposing, for instance, that advertisers can be persuaded to support the idea, and the public can be persuaded thus to satisfy its appetite for cinema stars, gossip and serial stories (I usually prefer the cereal adverts), what will be the effect on *Reveille*, *Weekend Mail*, or on the various mammoth-circulation women's papers, which dare to ask their readers to pay for them?

* * *

This enterprising idea comes at a time when the price of ordinary newspapers is now almost certain to be increased. Ever since the newspaper strike last Spring, the three-halfpennies have been tottering on the edge of twopence. The recent new wage offer to the printing unions by the N.P.A. will now, I should say, make this increase practically certain. Press economics are always a mystery to the public. I am constantly asked whether the capitalist press is controlled by advertisers. The short answer is that the public is everywhere accustomed to buying its newspapers at less than cost price. In France—I choose a case where the facts are public and indisputable—some papers, at least up to the last war, were subsidised by French governments or by foreign governments—through the banks. The details of payments made to French papers by Tsarist Russia were published by the Bolsheviks after the First World War. No one denies that Mussolini bribed some French papers during the Abyssinian struggle, and it is a commonplace that French governments have subsidised even apparently hostile papers to keep them within agreeable limits. In England, where the press is national, the subsidiser is not the Government, but the advertiser. But because our national papers are rich and powerful, particular advertising interests seldom control policy. I can cite rare cases where particular advertisers have dictated to national dailies: this may happen much more easily with small town papers which depend on local advertising. Does this, then, mean that advertisers do not influence Fleet Street policies? Not at all. The outlook of daily newspapers is determined not by any one advertiser or group of advertisers, but by what they think will please the class of readers to whom their advertisers hope to appeal.

* * *

Fabian pamphlets! What a power and a surprise they were in the days when they were written by Shaw, the Webbs, Wallas and Wells! I'm glad that they are again reaching a very high standard. They are based on serious research, and they have had something novel and important to suggest. The new pamphlet on *Rents and Social Policy*, by Mr. David Eversley, is a good example. He recognises that our rent system has got into a hopeless muddle and, accepting the Labour proposal that local authorities should gradually take over all the rent-restricted property, he shows how we could bring accommodation and rents into balance. There would be a standard rent for each type of house. But where, on social grounds, a family occupies a house or a flat the rent of which is more than it can afford, appropriate rebates would be given, based on the wage-earner's income-tax coding. In principle, this sounds good sense. If housing becomes a social service of this kind, and fairness replaces the present patchwork of anomalies, there is a strong case for differential rents. Under present conditions, however, every local Labour party is taking its own line on this question of rent rebate schemes. I know of one town which has a Tory majority, and where the Labour group opposes such a scheme. In the next borough, where Labour rules, a scheme of this sort has been operating for some years. Mr. Eversley is probably right that, short of socialising rented houses, there is no sensible answer to a problem that both parties have been too canny to tackle.

* * *

Like other people, some of whom have written to *The Listener*, I find it hard to be patient with St. John Ervine's remark in a recent broadcast that "sociology was the ruin of Wells." True, as one correspondent says, H.G. showed in several of his short stories, such as *A Door in the Wall*, that he possessed a pretty vein of fantasy. But you might as well say that poetry was the ruin of Shelley because he wrote at least one first-class philosophic essay. If Wells had been content to write imaginative short stories, no doubt he might have attained the stature of Algernon Blackwood. Of course, St. John Ervine is right in seeing Wells as primarily a great comic-story writer. But he omits to say that "sociology" was dominant almost from the beginning of his career as a novelist. When people compare him with Dickens (is *The Wheels of Chance* to be compared to *Sketches by Boz*?), do they think that Dickens was ruined by his interest in workhouses and Dotheboys Halls and circumlocution offices? Sociology is as much the root of Kipps and Mr. Polly as of Oliver Twist or David Copperfield. It was the greatness of Wells that he became immersed in sociology, and it was because he did so that he was the most influential writer of his generation—even more influential, I think, than G.B.S. St. John Ervine is also quite right about Wells's petulance and resentment of criticism. He did not, to my mind, draw a balanced picture of H.G., but I would agree that it is a difficult thing to do. If I search in my drawers I shall find enough comic and often petty complaints about anything anyone said in this journal about him to make several amusing columns. But I would not wish to publish them except side by side with an appreciation of Wells as a social force. He was the smallest great man, or if you prefer, the greatest little man, whose companionship I ever enjoyed.

* * *

Several of the 9,442 people who filled up the *N.S. & N.*'s questionnaire last Spring have been making plaintive inquiries about the fruits of their labour. The reason for delay is that it takes the experts a long time to analyse so large and complicated a response. Bits of analysis are beginning to reach me. I notice that three-quarters of our readers are between 20 and 50;

that two-thirds of them also read the *Observer*; that the next on the list—a long way down—are the *News Chronicle*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Sunday Times*, and *The Times*. Also the popularity of this Diary is nearly twice as high as that of any other feature in this journal!

CRITIC

God's Spies

"Scientists will have to remember that they are created things, and that their place in the scheme of things is a relatively lowly one." Dr. F. A. Cockin, Bishop of Bristol.

Religion faces science in the lists,
Armed with a flaming sword,
Rebuking megalomaniac scientists,
Unmindful of the Lord,
Impiously tampering with Nature's Laws,
Unknown to the First Cause.

Ills of the flesh the scientist may heal,
But humbly learn to know
Research is sanctified for human weal,
But not for mankind's woe.
So far, but no step further should he look
In God's sealed book.

Yet who knows which, in the Creator's scheme,
Stands lower in the scale—
These to whom faith, those to whom
truth may seem,
To be the Holy Grail?
If Nature's locks are picked, who gave the key
To open them, but He?

And even if the atom could disperse
The cosmos, as believed,
The Mathematician of the universe
The formula conceived.
Who of atomic power is more aware
Than He, who put it there?

When earth seemed flat, the thunders of
the church
All men could hear
Condemning astronomical research,
Which showed a sphere.
Flat on flat earth religion stood her ground,
But God had made earth round.

The scientist may guess a purpose blind,
The priest explain God's Law—
The all-pervading, all-creative Mind
Made all, and all foresaw.
All good, all evil Science may disclose,
He knows—He knows—He knows.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

There were floral displays by the parks committees of Salford, Bolton, St. Helens, Stretford, Urmston, Cheadle and Gatley, Ashton-under-Lyne, Stalybridge and Manchester.

"We awarded first prizes to all of them," said the secretary and show manager, Mr. R. C. McMillan. "We didn't want any jealousy among the ratepayers."—*News Chronicle*. (A. J. Long.)

When Mrs. G. Dexter, of Frederick Street, Loughborough, went into the offices of the East Midlands Electricity Board to pay her account, she told the cashier she had mislaid the bill, but that it was for 10s. 5d., which she paid. She has now received a final demand note, for a penny, in an envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp, as her account was actually for 10s. 6d.—*The Times* (N. J. Doris.)

"Fan mail" for celebrated London police dogs "has assumed large proportions," says a Scotland Yard officer.—*Daily Telegraph*. (G. S. Burton.)

To-morrow: Were the crew of the *Mary Celeste* kidnapped by spacemen?—*Evening News*. (J. Browning.)

King Emperor and the Wild Tribes

[Dorothy Woodman, the author of the following article, has recently returned from an extensive visit to Burma, during the course of which she lived and travelled in areas which have rarely been visited by a foreign journalist. She spent some time on the Chinese frontier, among the Kachin people, who were not subdued by the British until 1896. In the first of three articles she describes the social and cultural progress of these people under the Republic of Burma.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE village of Sadon, on the Chinese frontier of Burma, was *en fête*. The mules arrived first. They relaxed, about a hundred of them, somersaulting on the mountainside, happy to relieve the itch of our packs. Chinese muleteers—all the mule transport along this frontier has been in Chinese hands for centuries—stood the packs thickly on the mountain's shoulder, like auctioneers arranging their goods for a village sale. From every direction people were climbing up the mountain; groups of girls who came to perform their local dances: young men carrying an electric generator, hoisted on bamboo poles, crossed and recrossed; old men, sombrely dressed, with the lined rugged faces of mountain people. At last the V.I.P.s arrived. They were on a Flag Route March, led by Col. Saw Myint, of the Burma Army. Day after day, for several months, they had travelled by foot and by mule from the northernmost villages of Burma among the ice-covered mountains which border Tibet, along a mountain range bordering Yunnan, where there is, as yet, no delimited frontier, and, finally to this village of Sadon. Their last signpost was a piece of wood nailed to the mountainside, marked *To China*, with a straggly arrow which pointed to a cart track—for centuries one of the few roads from Upper Burma into China.

As they wandered in and out of villages, Col. Saw Myint and his party, one of them (Major Shan Lone) a Kachin, met all the tribes of people who are collectively known as Kachins, though they call themselves Jinghpaws. The Lashi and the Lisus, the Marrip and Lahpai, the Nkum Lathaw, Asis and Maran—there are about half a million living in the Kachin State—have different customs and dialects, they have their individual dances and songs, their very distinctive dress. With the exception of a few Christians, whose standards are demonstrably higher, they are animists. In the British times, this area was under the direct conrol of the Governor. During the war, the policy makers of the Government of Burma, then in India, adopted the simple classification of all these people as "Wild Tribes," citizens though they were of the British Commonwealth, and brave allies as they had proved themselves in the Kachin Levies.

Round Sadon people were mainly Lisus and Asis. After watching a film, *The People Win Through*, written by the Burmese Prime Minister and acted by Burmese artists, we watched folk dancing performed under Fort Harrison which capped the mountain. Women performers wore jackets heavily hung with silver buttons and long silver chains. The buttons I found were old half rupee coins, with the imprint "George VI King Emperor," and the pendants hanging from silver necklaces were one rupee coins, 1903, with the imprint "Edward VII King Emperor."

I found other evidence besides the silver coins and Fort Harrison that Sadon was, until 1948, under British rule. There was the District Bungalow with its garden of rose bushes and privet hedges and its bleak interior. The same heavy, impersonal furniture, the same list of crockery and furniture, and, in a dark brown frame, "Appendix XXVII. Paragraph 35413 of B.P.W. Code. Vol. II. Rules regarding the occupation of Public Works Inspection or District Bungalows." I opened the Registration Book. There it was, up to date, every column correctly, unhumorously filled up. The last visitor had been *The Honble. Prime Minister*. He was marked in at 12.30 *a.m.* 20/2/1955 and marked out 9 *a.m.* 21/2/1955. In the column headed "On Government duty or not," he was described as *Touring*.

Remembering that it was only 60 years ago when Upper Burma was annexed by the Queen Empress, that Lord Randolph Churchill (as his son records in his Biography) arranged for the Proclamation to be made on January 1st, 1886, as "a New Year's present to the Queen," I wondered whether I could find old men in Sadon who could give me any eye-witness accounts. I found Sum Lup Gam, whose son now represents the district in the Chamber of Nationalities, Yong Naw Yung, Myaw Hke Nawng and Inge Hkam. They remembered, or had heard from their parents, the story of the siege of Fort Harrison.

After the Annexation, the Kachins were our toughest opponents. In the words of the Frontier Areas Enquiry Commission set up by the Labour Government: "The Kachins did not take easily to the idea of submitting to the British on the annexation of Upper Burma in 1886 and several British expeditions had to be sent to the Kachin Hills, the Kachins resisting with considerable success. It was not until 1895 that the Kachin opposition could be broken."

It was one such expedition that was sent to Sadon in December, 1891. Sum Lup Gam took me to a point on the mountain to indicate the two directions from which the British troops—the Devonshire Regiment—fought their way to Sadon. When opposition was temporarily overcome, the main column left Sadon and Lt. Harrison stayed behind with a small garrison to build the fort. Myaw Hke Nawng remembered that many of the villagers left Sadon, escaping down the valleys into Sagapa and across the mountain to Nbukwang. From this area, he continued, a guerilla force was collected, and in February they began their attack. On February 7, men armed with muskets and darts surrounded the fort. Yong Naw Yung, who was three years old at the time, remembered his father showing him the well which he and his friends poisoned with branches of trees and herbs from the jungle. Sum Lup Gam took up the story. He described how stockades were built of tall bamboo poles and how the ground was planted with pantjes—sharply pointed sticks on which unlucky soldiers were easily crippled. Inge Hkam described how the besieged soldiers held up lights to the sky; the village people believed it was some kind of

NEXT WEEK

The West Indian in Britain

A 4-page study of social and economic problems arising from coloured immigration to this country, contributed by

NORMAN MACKENZIE
MERCEDES MACKAY
W. JOHN MORGAN
and VICKY

magic. It was, in fact, Lt. Harrison sending out an S.O.S. by heliograph.

Back in London, I found in the India Office Library Lt. Harrison's own diary. His entry for February 7, the day of the siege, read:

> About 6.30 a.m. heard a shot fired. . . . At 8 a.m. all available men paraded for work. Warned all men not to go far. . . . As soon as the firing commenced in Sadon, many Kachins came up from Seintong, and their fire was so heavy that all the men were recalled from that side and the gate closed. The whole garrison were now under arms; and as large parties of Kachins had been seen collecting in the Saga paddy fields and also coming in along the Saga and Rutong roads, the mules, kahars and all fighting men were brought inside the post.

The number of Kachins he estimated as "not less than 600 or 700." The siege lasted until February 20. On that day, Lt. Harrison's entry ran: "Signalled North-Eastern column at 7 a.m. and received message from Officer Commanding concerning plan of operations."

The siege was lifted. The superior arms of the Queen Empress won the day. The Queen Empress was succeeded by King Emperors until, in 1948, the "wild tribes" became citizens of the Union of Burma. On January 4, 1948, the Kachin State became a separate entity within the Union of Burma with a State Government of its own. The need for more education was so clearly appreciated that last year it accounted for one-third of the budget. In British times there were only two High Schools; today there are seven; there were four Middle Schools; today there are 16; there were 60 Primary Schools; today there are 260. And there is one Teachers' Training Institute.

From Fort Harrison I looked out over the Kachin countryside only a few months ago. Immediately below was a large grass square bounded by tall bamboo sticks. This was not a stockade, such as Lt. Harrison described in his diary, but a football field. And, looking through field glasses at the villages built on mountain slopes, where Lt. Harrison looked for suspicious clusters of Kachins, I watched men and women busy in the paddy fields, and in every village there was now a school.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

NEW STATESMAN COMPETITIONS

A selection of post-war NEW STATESMAN Competition entries edited by

Arthur Marshall

Arthur Marshall (umpiring, but also still playing well) has produced a very funny book . . . full of wit and gaiety. . . . It is one of those rare books that are not only good presents to give, but to receive as well."

10s. 6d. THE OBSERVER.

TURNSTILE PRESS

Thoughts in the Wilderness

A PERSONAL NOTE

WHEN readers agree with what I am saying here, they write to me to tell me so. (And so wide is the circulation of the *N.S. & N.* now, these letters arrive from many different parts of the world.) But when readers disagree with me, they do not write to me but to the paper. I cannot blame them because this is what I do too, in my capacity as a reader. We readers are annoying creatures, just as we writers are misunderstood and long-suffering beings.

The time has come, however, when I must say something about myself—wilderness or no wilderness—if only to prevent critical readers, irritated by these pieces of mine (which incidentally should be regarded as polemical essays and not as reports by a research worker), from committing themselves to all manner of nonsense, and to check, if possible, the growth of a ridiculous legend. While this legend merely circulated in a section of the popular press, which sees me, as I see it, as One of the Enemy, it could be ignored. But when it finds its way into these columns, it cannot remain unchallenged.

This legend runs as follows: There was once a Jolly Jack Priestley. But a weight of years together with all the money he has accumulated, has sadly changed him. Now he is sour, without sympathy and generosity, just another rich ageing man, grumbling about his taxes, suspicious of the young, unable to adjust himself to social changes, convinced that the world is going to the bad. And I hereby declare, with all the emphasis at my command, that all this is rubbish, quite untrue to the facts.

In the first place, there never was a Jolly Jack. If jollity has to be dragged in, then all I can say is that both in my work and in my personal life, I am in fact much jollier than I used to be. In the second place, I am nothing like as well off as I used to be, and lead a far less elaborate and pampered existence. In the third place, I regard the young with more sympathy than most men of my age do, and find it easier than they do to adapt myself to social changes, many of which I strongly advocated. Moreover, strange as it may seem to some minds, I try to examine the world not from the standpoint of self-interest but from that of a man, more fortunate than many others, who can afford to tell an unpleasant truth or two, not having a boss to please, a job to lose. This is one advantage of being a writer: you can venture, though not of course entirely without risk, to blurt out the truth now and again.

I may of course go badly wrong. About many things I hope I am wrong, and nobody will be more delighted than I would be to be proved wrong. (Whatever else I may be, I am certainly no hater of life.) But I am rather tired of being offered, by way of reply, simply so many personal attacks. These will not do. I know I pass in many quarters as a supremely touchy, aggressive fellow, ready to quarrel at the drop of a word. (This too I believe to be a legend, for I have actually conducted fewer quarrels than most writers, have kept my friends all my adult life, have had the same publishers, both here and in America, for thirty years.) But it is a fact that I dislike making personal attacks, doing everything I possibly can to avoid them. I denounce tendencies, mass movements, signs of the times, not persons. I believe other people can be *honestly wrong*. (The general absence of this belief is one of the evils of our time and does much to explain our suspicion, methods of persecution, shocking cruelty.) But instead of being given evidence to show that my thinking is faulty, my conclusions unsound, nine times out of ten all I am offered is this Jolly Jack rubbish, with a lot of doubts about my elementary good will and disinterestedness.

This is old stuff turned inside out. Many years ago, when I was denouncing mass unemployment and the dole system and giving some of the first detailed descriptions of the distressed areas, not only was I told that I was merely a sentimental story-teller unable to understand economic realities, but I was also told that I was taking this line to curry favour with the working classes, to sell more books and theatre seats. When one remembers the situation these people were in, without a hope of buying a book or a theatre seat, the blazing idiocy of such personal criticism is obvious. (Actually I lost some bookbuyers and playgoers, probably for ever.) But I do assure the reader that much recent criticism, now delivered from the other side, is just as idiotic. All I am doing now is what I was doing then—trying to tell the truth as I see it. I exaggerate of course, adopting shock tactics, but that is a fault of manner. There will always be a type of reader who is irritated by such a manner, who wants a leading article topic in a leading article style, and I do not blame such readers. But at least they might try not to confuse manner with matter.

For when readers announce they are tired of my railing against the Welfare State and taxation, I begin to feel that either I can't write or they can't read. I happen to believe that both the Welfare State, not because of the welfare but because of the State, and a tax system that penalises hard work and encourages gambling, have their dangers. But most of these "Thoughts in the Wilderness" have been about something quite different, about the poverty of creative ideas in our chief political parties, about the menace of block thinking, about the colossal impact of our mass communications, about the relation between a style of living and the atomic bomb, about the true significance of Billy Graham, and, above all, about all those rapid changes, not planned by anybody, that are compelling us, whether we recognise the fact or not, to live in a new society. Of course, I may exaggerate the importance of those changes, the difference between the new society and the old. Some allowance must be made for a man who cannot help dramatising every situation. I expect—and would welcome—correction by cooler heads. But it simply won't do to tell me either that I am merely repeating what disgruntled old men mutter in their clubs (I am doing nothing of the kind) or that I am crying "Woe—woe!" out of some private abyss of pessimism. The chief difference between me and most of my critical correspondents here is that while I remain a rebel, still hoping for and believing in something better for my children and grandchildren, they have turned themselves into smooth apologists, those "official spokesmen" who are always being quoted at us.

If I concentrate on what seems to be going wrong, it is because I still believe that what is wrong can be put right. In other words, I refuse

to accept the sleepwaking fatalism of our time. When people say, as they are always saying, "Well, we can't do anything about it, can we?" I reply "Yes, we can." Here I may be too optimistic, but nobody accuses me of that. And the most dangerous pessimist is the man who in the depths of his mind believes the facts to be so appalling that he refuses to accept them and pretends that somehow everything will be wonderful very soon. (It is his anger, when these facts are called to his attention, that makes him forget the ordinary courtesies and decencies of debate.) The basis of these essays is not imaginative insight, though it may achieve a phrase or two here and there, but just plain common sense. If we are in such a hurry to arrive somewhere, we had better ask ourselves now and again where we are going. It is no use heading for Coketown and telling ourselves we are going to the Lake District. We cannot cut down men's primary satisfactions and personal liberties and then tell them they are about to enjoy a fuller individual life. You cannot concentrate power and spread it at the same time. You cannot say you want men to appreciate the arts if you are doing everything possible to frustrate the artists. You cannot ask in the same breath for more fields and more motor highways and aerodromes, for fewer deaths on the road and for more bigger faster cars. You cannot expect schools to civilise children if the streets outside promptly turn them into barbarians. You cannot accept, even glorify, the lowest common denominator of taste and behaviour and imagine you are helping to create a new civilisation.

I have pointed out more than once that in our new society everything is becoming part of a huge idle show. Here are three recent examples, all the more important because they are taken from what are supposed to be dear to the heart of the people—loyalty to the Crown, sport, a decent regard for other people's feelings. When princesses were really princesses, huge headlines did not demand to know their intentions; when princesses are private persons, no such fuss will be necessary; but as it is, Princess Margaret has been treated as if she were a leading member of the cast of a gigantic public show.

Again, both in cricket and football, we have recently had spectators giving the players the slow handclap, to demonstrate that they were bored. But when men went to see Yorkshire defeat Surrey, or the Arsenal defy Wolverhampton, when in fact the spectators felt the match itself to be all-important, there was none of this slow handclapping. But now the games are part of the giant show, and if the show isn't good enough, give 'em the handclap. Finally, the English people always used to have decent regard for other persons' feelings. But now they are to be amused on television by an elaborately contrived exhibition of other people under the stress of sudden emotion—a woman finds her house has gone, a man is brought face-to-face with an old sweetheart, and genuine bewilderment, grief, regret, deep embarrassment, are to be highlighted like juggling acts. We are almost within sight again of the Roman Circus, with minds if not bodies being torn to amuse the mob. Yes, I agree: so far the victims ask for it. But give the showmen time; and they might contrive a new twist or two.

All right—Jolly Jack's at it again. Where are the custard pies, boys? But while you are taking aim, children, just remember that most of you will have a great deal more of this world than he will. He is merely muttering a few words of caution on his way out.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Darwin to Bikini

THE observations of Charles Darwin disclosed such apparently improbable sequences of cause and effect as the influence of cats, and so for that matter of the Victorian old maids who kept them as pets, upon the abundance of clover. Nevertheless he could hardly have been prepared for the proposition that his views on the origin of coral reefs would influence the activities of the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States over a century later. As Darwin traced the connection between cats and clover through the humble bees which fertilise the flowers, but whose nests are destroyed by the mice which cats may catch, so may we briefly trace a sequence of events which starts at Cocos-Keeling Atoll in the Indian Ocean in 1836 and culminates at Eniwetok Atoll in the Pacific in 1952.

Cocos-Keeling has unique fame as the one atoll on which Darwin landed during his voyage round the world. H.M.S. *Beagle* had rounded Cape Horn, paid her memorable visit to the Galapagos Islands and crossed the Pacific before, sailing around the south of Australia, she entered the Indian Ocean. There, steering more north than west, she came to the Keeling or Cocos Islands, as Darwin calls them, which lie some six hundred miles south-west of Sumatra. Through the opening on the northern and leeward side of the atoll ring the *Beagle* passed into safe anchorage within. There Darwin viewed the lagoon waters of brilliant green, "on all sides divided," he tells us in his *Journal of Researches*, "either by a line of snow-white breakers from the dark, heaving waters of the ocean, or from the dark vault of heaven by strips of land, crowned by the level tops of the cocoa-nut trees."

There he experienced the fascination that comes to all who explore the life and beauties of a coral reef. The mystery of its maintenance impressed him. Coral rock was pounded into pebble and sand, while great boulders were thrown high on to the beach. No respite was granted; the constant force of the trade winds building up a long swell that broke relentlessly upon the windward reefs which must surely in the end "yield and be demolished by such an irresistible power." Nevertheless, "these low, insignificant coral-islets stand and are victorious." Another power, that of life within the substance of delicate, almost transparent coral polyps, plays its part taking lime from the surrounding sea to build reefs which the sea may in some measure mould but which it cannot destroy.

In due course the *Beagle* stood out from the lagoon to continue her journey across the Indian Ocean. But first, while still a little over a mile from the shore, Captain Fitz Roy sounded with a line a mile and a half long and found no bottom. Subsequent soundings have revealed the depth as less than this, but to Darwin the islands appeared as ringing the saucer-shaped summit of a steep-sided submarine mountain. Here was a mystery of building far surpassing that of the pyramids, but one to which Darwin was to find an acceptable solution. Coral islands, he maintained, occupy the site of former land. Were a rocky island to subside it must lose contact with its fringe of corals, the continued growth of which would keep them near the surface, but now at some distance from the diminished land they would encircle as a barrier reef. Final disappearance of the land beneath the sea would leave an atoll ring of coral surrounding a central lagoon. Such is the substance of Darwin's theory of the origin of barrier reefs and of atolls; it has a simplicity which is typical of its propounder.

This theory was not seriously called in question until forty years later, when John Murray, in the *Challenger*, followed in Darwin's track. He came to precisely opposite conclusions; to him atolls appeared to have risen from below the surface, growing upward from the summits of submarine mountains. Darwin had postulated a great thickness of coral rock formed by continued growth upon a slowly sinking foundation. But if Murray were correct there would be only a relatively thin layer of coral because reef-builders can live only in warm and so shallow water; they could not have grown up from any depth. Darwin saw that the truth of the matter could only be determined by boring deeply into the substance of an atoll. "I wish," he wrote in the year before his death to the American oceanographer, Alexander Agassiz, "that some doubly rich millionaire would take it into his head to have borings made in some of the Pacific and Indian atolls, and bring back cores for slicing from a depth of 500 or 600 feet."

Fifteen years later just such an attempt was made, under the auspices of the Royal Society, on the Pacific atoll of Funafuti in the Ellice Islands. Success came only after a third expedition, when a boring was made on the seaward side of the atoll some 500 feet from the reef edge and penetrating to a depth of 1,114 feet. But in the event this settled nothing. Coral was found throughout the length of the core and so at far greater depths than corals can live; but, as the supporters of Murray rightly pointed out, the boring might well have passed through the mound of coral fragments which litter the submarine slopes of atolls. Subsequent borings, along the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, off Borneo and on an atoll south of Japan—the two last being some 1,400 feet deep—yielded no more convincing results. It was left to these post-war years to solve the problem.

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So that every effect of nuclear explosions at sea might be tested, the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States carried out intensive studies from 1946 onwards at Bikini and adjacent atolls in the former Japanese-owned Marshall Islands in Micronesia. Selected teams of scientists employed the most modern tools of exploration and were aided by the U.S. Navy. Many of the oceanographical, geological and biological data are now being published, and fully justify the claims that Bikini is now "the most thoroughly known atoll on earth."

Amongst the data sought was the depth of coral rock and the nature of the platform on which it rests. To this end borings were made at Bikini and at the neighbouring Eniwetok Atoll. The two made on the latter, after passing through the greater part of a mile of coral limestone, struck basalt, one at 4,154 and the other at 4,610 feet. These are the deepest borings ever made on an atoll and the first to reach the underlying rock. The atoll was revealed as a vast cap of limestone resting on the summit of a submarine volcano itself rising some two miles above the ocean floor. Up to a point, therefore, Darwin has been proved correct—Eniwetok has certainly sunk, aided no doubt by the vast weight of limestone accumulated by the corals. But it does not necessarily follow that a volcanic island preceded the atoll; this might have arisen from the summit of a submarine volcano, much as Murray suggested. As for the atoll ring that, I think, may well be due to the manner in which corals grow, outward against wind and weather—forming, perhaps, first a crescent and finally a ring, with an opening on the lee giving entrance into a lagoon such as the one by which the *Beagle* entered and left Cocos-Keeling almost 120 years ago.

C. M. YONGE

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Cautionary Story

EVERYTHING had gone almost too easily to be true. By early August the oats were ripening, pale gold in the windy centres of the drying fields or on a southern slope. The edges were still very green and would never have done for combining, but this isn't combine country. It was a case of making up our minds whether we would cut part of the harvest rather too green for the sake of getting the rest in good order. The drought was bound to break fairly soon, and once the change came the corn might go down under the first rain and we'd have the usual lengthy and tiring business of cutting out by hand the bits that were laid. As it was, every stalk was standing beautifully. We decided to cut, though some of the corn which Lachlan scythed in the first field was green enough.

Cutting and stooking went easily—too easily, because a dry summer means a light crop and a half empty stack yard. As we finished the first field we were already deciding to go straight on to the second. Instead of cutting roads we would take the binder straight through the standing corn, with a final cut going round the opposite way to pick up the stalks which had been squashed down by the tractor. I doubt if this would work with heavy corn, but with our light, clean straw—this was the ley field—it worked perfectly. By five o'clock there was not much of the field left. I came back from milking and asked the men what they'd like to do. All wanted to carry on, and no farmer grudges a couple of hours overtime in a summer like this. It was eight o'clock and the midges beginning when the binder finished and we were doing the last of the stooking. Duncan came walking over the field to ask could we lend him a spare for his own binder? It was grand to be able to say: "Borrow the binder itself!"

The corn was light to handle, almost dry already, and I felt we might risk putting it in the next week if the weather held. Yet all of us, even in the middle of our harvest, half hoped for rain. The grass is mostly eaten down, even the aftermath from the hay fields which usually lasts well into September. The sown out field had hardly a blade of grass in it, for the sandy soil scorches quickly. The turnips were small, the kale floppy from lack of water.

But two or three days later the clouds began to pile and drift; it looked like the weather break coming. We went out to the fields, weighing sheaves in our hands, plunging our arms in to feel them under the tie. Most years the stooks are left standing for a fortnight or more, at the very least over two Sundays. Neither Lachlan nor I had any experience of this new kind of dry weather, but it was thought that some of the farms were putting in already and surely these sheaves were dry! We decided to break with custom and make a start with oats which had only been standing three days. Mostly we have to re-stook once or twice, then to overset the stooks into the wind and often to wale out the dry sheaves, leaving one or two that are too wet to bring in. Instead of that we were scooping out the whole field, two rows at a time, the tractor with one load, the Land-Rover with another. Lachlan was building quickly with these good sheaves that kept their shape and went straight on to the stack. How well we remembered the bedraggled, shapeless things that had to be built in at the end of last year's harvest—ten months ago. The corn never dried out properly. Colin has to wash it before the hens will touch it, so black with mildew the last of it is.

We got all but the outside row in some places, and one corner of the field which had been shadowed by trees. Here the corn was still greenish and soft: no use of putting it in, even though the stalks seemed dry. We switched to the other field and, again, took out all the middle. The next day we took some more, but I had to stop over-eager helpers from putting on sheaves that looked right but were really not fit to take in. By now the clouds had come low, driving between us and the slope of Tor Mor, on a level with the higher Forestry Commission planting, blotting it out. But still the ground was hard and cracked. We put on the tarpaulins and waited for the rain. There was a day and night of it, enough to help the water supply and stiffen up the drooping kale. Then the wind that had brought it went round and dropped. It was still and hot when we took off the tarpaulins again. Too still, too hot, and my own stackyard is sheltered by trees; well enough during threshing when a hard breeze can blow the chaff into one's eyes, but not so good for drying corn. I drove back and saw Lachlan on top of the half-made stack, lying on his face with his arm down the centre feeling in.

All the stacks were heating. The first one looked all right, but the straw we pulled out was hot in the ear. There was nothing to be done but take it all out again into the fields and re-stook. It was a depressing bit of work; the sheaves were limp and squashed, difficult to prop upright; some were coming loose from the binding. We knew we were bound to lose a good bit of corn this year. We blamed ourselves for bad judgment. And it was all going the wrong way round: the same feeling a herring fisherman must have, throwing back into the sea a hold-full of dead herring when the markets aren't taking them.

There was not even any breeze in the fields to dry out the sheaves. It was queer how damp and clammy they felt now, though they had seemed so dry at the beginning. There must have been more sap in the stalks than I had guessed and the fuzzy, blackened yarr in the bottoms of some of the sheaves was like a nasty sponge, soaking up damp out of the still air. I have known stacks to heat and then to dry out completely, but that was in late September when a frosty night and a cold wind would kill the heating organisms in the grain. A few props, skilfully put in, would lift the sheaves enough for a draught to blow through. At worst one might have to take off the top of a stack. But these ones had to be taken down to the last sheaf and dried off for two days. One field was new seed I had bought this year—and seed corn isn't cheap. I hadn't meant to buy in any seed for next year. But how is this heated corn going to germinate? I don't know. I can do a germination test. But I don't like to depend on it. The worst heated corn will have a queer taste in porridge and to the beasts themselves.

It is all in now. But it meant an extra three days, working late, waling out and re-stooking, losing grain all the time. Some of it had been stooked the second time in a field where my bull was lying in the shed with a badly cut knee, not coming out much. But this was too much for him, he came out and started on the sheaves. I went over and got him by his nose-ring. He is the friendliest bull, but too big to notice a mere woman pulling at his nose. His long rough tongue came out and licked all up my arm but he wouldn't move from his dinner. The sheep didn't bother much with the stooks, but we had to chase the geese off. And of course the pigeons came down in clouds.

It was all up the glen that my stacks had

heated, and I had plenty of sympathy from my neighbours. They know what it feels like when this sort of thing goes wrong. I hear that it has been the same at some of the farms down Campbeltown way. We may never get the same kind of summer again, but, if we do, we shall be slower to go against custom. We shall be that much more careful and less confident. Perhaps next time we shall leave out the stooks too long.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Edinburgh Music—II

IT has become a tradition at Edinburgh that three or four leading instrumentalists should be invited to form a chamber music group for the Festival. These fleeting partnerships are always interesting, but for complete success one of the group should be a strong personality with firm views about interpretation and style. That condition was fully met when Schnabel was the pianist; similarly, Casals seems to exercise a binding force upon his various associates at Prades.

This year one of Schnabel's former Edinburgh colleagues, the cellist Pierre Fournier, has joined Francescatti and Solomon in a piano trio. Three such artists cannot fail to charm the ear, and their two concerts have been immensely popular. The first, an all-Beethoven programme, I did not hear; the second, a miscellaneous evening, struck me as falling some way beneath the finest chamber music style. The performances were smooth, graceful and homogeneous, it is true, but they wanted vigour and authority; they lacked bite. Entrancingly as the two middle movements of Brahms's C minor Trio were played, there was no muscle in the opening "Allegro energico," no blaze of triumph at the end. Even the lyrical B flat Trio of Schubert, with its flood of golden melody, emerged from this treatment rather smaller and slighter than life; there was much exquisite detail, of course, but the springing zest of the opening paragraph was much diminished; Fournier, in particular, made a weak impression, under-playing his accented offbeats and failing to draw his cantabile melodies in the single sweeping line they demand. The Festival Trio also performed that frigid work of Beethoven, the Triple Concerto, but neither they nor Karl Rankl, who conducted, could bring it to life; the Scottish National Orchestra, however, showed, here and elsewhere, that it has much fine material in its ranks. Francescatti and Fournier joined forces again in Brahms's masterly Double Concerto; in this they were accompanied by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sargent; and, to judge from the final rehearsal, they must have given a very fine performance, at any rate in the first two movements. The Tenth Symphony of Shostakovich brought a welcome touch of novelty to this programme; Sargent's reading, to be heard at the Proms during the current week, seemed a good deal more vigorous and spirited than the dim performance with which the work was introduced to London last Easter. Since the preliminary prospectus of the Festival was published, Copland's Third Symphony has dropped out of the New York programmes (to be replaced by his well-known *El Salon Mexico*), so that the Festival's third week becomes orchestrally still more conventional. Luckily the New York Orchestra is scheduled to play the Shostakovich Symphony at the second of its two London concerts, on October 5.

There was only one absolute novelty at Edinburgh this year: a Clarinet Quintet by William Wordsworth, played by the Griller Quartet and Reginald Kell. This opened with an impressive introductory passage for the strings in imitation, and the subsequent entry of the clarinet against a shimmering background of string tone was a memorably beautiful moment. The material thus effectively exposed is distinguished in itself and apt for development, but it proved inadequate to serve the needs of all three movements. As the work unfolded an impression of monotony made itself felt—an impression which would not, I think, be wholly banished by familiarity. Robert Crawfurd, a young Edinburgh composer, contributed a String Quartet which attracted some attention at an I.S.C.M. meeting at Frankfurt four years ago; this was appropriately entrusted to the New Edinburgh Quartet, a capable body. Crawfurd shows good taste and writes with a fine ear for sonority, but the total effect of his quartet is rather cautious and grey, and the last movement, a ghostly fugue, seems too closely reminiscent of the similar movement in the Sixth Symphony of Vaughan Williams.

The middle week of the Festival was dominated by a series of magnificent recitals given in the Freemasons' Hall by Rosalyn Tureck, Ralph Kirkpatrick and Fischer-Dieskau. Of Mr. Kirkpatrick's Scarlatti and Miss Tureck's Bach I have written recently at some length in these columns; but no account of the Festival would be complete without reference to the extraordinary impression made by the latter's performance of the *Goldberg Variations*. It was a feat, not only of memory, but of artistic concentration: never once did she relax her grasp of Bach's great design, never did her fingers falter, yet never did she allow them to control her serene musical intelligence and sensibility; for the entire 90 minutes her whole powers were at full stretch. Fischer-Dieskau, no less, is a dedicated artist who gives himself entirely to the task in hand. His voice, which I had not heard for a year or two, has now developed into a superb instrument ranging comfortably over more than two octaves and beautifully under control at every level of volume. The roughness that used to mar his fortissimi is gone; but he is still inclined to use his loudest tones too often for the size of the hall and the nature of the song. In Schubert's *Der Atlas* and *Der Doppelgänger* (the latter a performance of marvellous intensity) the climaxes will certainly take all the tone a singer can give them; but I could not see why, in Brahms's lighthearted *Ständchen*, the repetition of "singen und spielen dabei" should have been so powerfully resonant. On such occasions the singer resembles a huge St. Bernard playing with a kitten. *Ständchen* was about the only kitten in his Brahms recital, which began with the "Four Serious Songs" and continued, as a friend remarked, with some 16 more—a sort of Brahmsian *Winterreise*; the second recital, apart from the lighter songs of the *Dichterliebe*, unbent only in *Das Fischermädchen* of the Schubert-Heine group. For the rest, solemnity reigned; the singer maintained the trance of a somnambulist, scarcely aware of his audience; and the hushed audience dared not applaud even the individual songs until the group was over. It was all magnificent, noble, overpoweringly beautiful as sheer tone and often highly imaginative in interpretative detail; the one drawback was that humour and gaiety seemed to exist only on sufferance, and that Heine's light irony (say, in *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*) had to be converted into an angry, indignant outburst. Fischer-Dieskau is so fine an artist that he must not accept any limitation of his human sympathies: a Lieder singer must contain a Figaro as well as a Sarastro.

La Forza del Destino is a patchy opera, and it receives at Edinburgh a patchy performance. John Pritchard, suffering on the first night (as one heard) from a sudden and painful indisposition, held things capably together, but hardly released the full dynamic surge of Verdi's music; Peter Ebert directed a confused and ill-lit production taken over, more or less, from his father's of four years ago. The quarrelling men were as before: David Poleri, a tense Don Alvaro, and Marko Rothmüller, a staunch and unusually intelligent Don Carlo. The great distinction of the performance lay in the Leonora of Sena Jurinac, who

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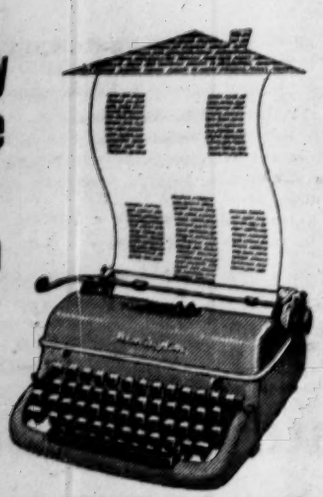

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showed clearly (as did Meta Seinemeyer a generation ago) that Verdi's tragic heroines can be splendidly impersonated with a voice of softer grain and a style more refined than is at all customary in such roles. Her singing, though unusually gentle, was always firmly moulded and beautifully sustained: it was not in the least slight. To the eye, as to the ear, she suggested all the pathos of innocent youth uncomprehendingly doomed.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

High Jinks

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY is in an easy, genial mood in his new play, *Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon*, at the Duchess Theatre. He takes a by now conventional theme—the bank manager who wakes up one rainy Monday morning and asks, Why?—and he treats it with high spirits and several engaging twists. Mr. Kettle never gets to his bank that morning; he returns instead to his sad room full of innocent, juvenile fun, bringing with him a child's shooting game, a pair of cymbals and a large big-drum stick. But in a small town in the Midlands the bank manager cannot desert his post without various important people also asking themselves, Why? But their why is different from his, and the note on which they ask it becomes decidedly shrill when they call round and find him shooting at cardboard figures or accompanying the Prince Igor dances with his drumstick on the coal scuttle and cymbals on his feet. But Mrs. Moon does understand why. He thought she would when he remembered that this prim cold wife of the big local estate agent all the same chose to drive about in a little bright red sports car. Or did she choose it? Just to make sure he rings up Mr. Moon on his busiest morning to inquire. Did he give it her or did she choose it? Mr. Moon, busy selling important sites, gives a reply that is evidently unrepeatable.

So Mrs. Moon and Mr. Kettle play the cymbals and then the drums and this leads on to other games, and they give themselves a delicious luncheon, and follow it with an afternoon nap. On a Monday! In Brickmill! It is obviously a case, if not for the police, for the psychiatrist. It is far from what we call normal behaviour, in Brickmill, on a Monday. Both are called in before we are done. The Grey Rats (readers of this journal will appreciate the point) must gnaw life to a stop if they can.

The structure may be light and of not unfamiliar material, but it is strong enough to carry Mr. Priestley's lighthearted protest and it is filled out with enough body to keep the audience continually amused. And the audience, it is worth noticing, is certainly on Mr. Priestley's side. You can tell this from the fact that his sallies at the Grey Ones are greeted not merely with laughs, but with handclaps. Mr. Kettle is saying for us things that we have all longed to say but which we haven't the wits or the guts to say for ourselves, and saying them pointedly and wittily. Does the end strike us as a shade too easy? Perhaps, but we have had such fun on the way there that we are disarmed. This is anyhow only a light work, and we can take it lightly.

The play is not so well produced as it needs to be. It was generous to give the production to Mr. Tony Richardson, the young producer who directed Mr. Priestley's television experiment. But this kind of comedy needs a more expert and experienced hand. As it is, it goes too slowly, and spills a number of laughs by the way. But no doubt it will tighten up as it goes along, especially as the casting is strikingly good as well as being pleasantly unusual. Mr. Clive Morton is just the man for the bank manager; he used in the bad old days to be perpetually type-cast as such a character, but seriously, and some of the zest and enjoyment he communicates must come from being allowed lately to break away. He is a delightful comedian; and Miss Frances Rowe knows exactly what she is doing with the converted and released Mrs. Moon. All the rest fit in perfectly. Miss Wendy Craig makes a success of the shop-girl who, when her mother (nicely taken by Phyllis Morris) complains that she is always thinking about sex, can retort that the customers never let her think about anything else; and Mr. John Moffat scores a neat hit with the young doctor who has just finished a scanty and incomplete course in psychiatry.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Wicked Scientist

I SOMETIMES wonder rather irreverently if the television people ever think about the nature of their job. I know they hold training schools and give each other lectures, but have they thought even about the simplest things—for instance, News Reels? Incredible but true, they still plant a man in front of the camera with slips of paper in his hands which he then depressingly reads. Sometimes there are several such stooges, and even an extra victim whose sole function is to say, "This is the end of the news."

Film news reels which we have suffered all these years are, goodness knows, bad enough, but they don't sink to these depths. The shrewd if rough-and-ready journalists who make them discovered a quarter of a century ago what looks too silly to be shot. Television has no excuse, for film libraries are stuffed with material: and if they still lack an image for some curiously abstract item, then let them use a picture of a moving teleprinter, or three old women gossiping—anything rather than a news-reader.

This is, of course, elementary stuff any filmmaker has dealt with hundreds of times. It comes up in another form in all these interviews. For a huge proportion of total programme time somebody is being interviewed on the screen, in panel games, in "interest" programmes—or at the British Association which has produced some of the very rare interesting moments of the last week's viewing.

We are all a little scared of scientists nowadays, but one thing that emerged at Bristol was that the scientists are scared of each other, chemists asking of physicists, Do they really know what they're up to? The B.B.C. interviewer who laid on a series of Bristol interviews looked scared, too—and quite rightly. One knows well enough how difficult it is to ask naive questions without looking a fool.

Whether by luck or design the scientists came across as charming, humane and apparently trustworthy. Professor Powell, talking about his researches into cosmic rays, seemed in a short space of time to be opening our minds not only to ideas about atomic structure but to the way such ideas change. There was a feeling of thought being released as well as energy. Something similar happened the next night when another was interviewed about researches into the functioning of the brain, and before we knew where we were we were up against first questions. Again there was this feeling of excitement about human personality. Here we were meeting men who at any rate for a second or two were more intensely alive for seeing the problems they live with in a glare of simplicity.

The effect came off, but I'm still not sure that this stale newspaper technique of the interview is the right way to do it. I see *The Brains Trust* has come back as a TV show and here, very likely, is the clue. One thing radio did for us was to undermine the lecturing, hectoring expert. Expert A can say this but here is Expert B who will flatly deny everything he says. This is where we begin to get interested. (And, in passing, this is the strength of the current team on *The Critics* programme: they are lively, sensible and contradict each other.) By contrast, the interviewer is bound to be tentative or patronising or *de trop*. Can't we just put the scientists together and let them fight it out?

An example of how that doesn't always work is currently being provided by a series *Atoms for Peace* about the Geneva Conference. Here Pro-

fessor Rotblat lectures away incessantly from different corners of the screen and is placed in a predicament no good producer should allow. Occasionally he admits some other scientist as interviewer, but whenever the ghost of an idea or personality peeps out Professor Rotblat was there to interrupt. I put it down mostly to camera nerves working out as aggressive anxiety, but to have made so exciting a subject so monumentally dull is a B.B.C. achievement. To have made its father figure somebody whose 'screen personality is allowed to resemble the strip cartoonist's idea of the wicked scientist, crowns the whole.

At least one thing is established. Scientists have personalities, whether pleasant or unpleasant. Perhaps their niceness or the reverse has a bearing on their thinking? That's a dangerous thought for the plain man to play with. But it's what television is going to lead to.

Still on the edge of science—I. A. Richards's radio fantasy, *A Leak in the Universe*, disappointed. It seemed to me that the imagery went wrong; became flat, stale, unprofitable, and, though in verse, was prosaic in the bad sense.

MONTAGU SLATER

A Skin Painter

THE claim for Etty, forty-five of whose paintings are on exhibition at the Arts Council, is that he was a good painter of the nude. I can see him as no more than a good skin painter, which is to say that he learnt from Lawrence and the French classic academicians how to render the smooth luminosity of flesh and limit it with a graceful contour. In none of the many nudes in this show—neither in the elaborate historical tableaux of nakedness nor in the life sketches—is there any grasp of form except that implied by the mere copying of shadows. Obviously Etty knew his anatomy, obviously he had a stock of adequate poses, "back-view of standing woman," "side-view of hand holding drapery," obviously he also enjoyed paint and tried as best he could in his period to communicate his romantic sensuous excitement, but never did he achieve that intimate construction of form from within, that sense of the artist knowing how a body weighs and moves because he has imaginatively inhabited it, which one finds in all good figure painting from Pollaiuolo to Renoir.

But, it seems to me, whenever appearances failed to reveal or a shadow hid the true events of a body, Etty was at a loss: look at the Standing Female Nude—the silhouette is attractive because it is based on a good classic formula, the buttocks are solid and round because their shadows make them so, but the back of the far knee is only like a piece of flesh-coloured curtain: the openness behind the bone, the suggestion that when the leg is flexed the ham-string muscles will tighten like ropes either side of a gangway leading *into* the thigh—none of this is there. And similar weaknesses hide in every figure. Why did Etty lack this quality, for he certainly did not lack talent?

It may have had something to do with Victorian prudery working on the same principle as the Lord Chamberlain's theatre ruling that if a nude moves it's rude. But I think a more direct explanation is Etty's attitude to his own skill. In the four earnest portraits in this exhibition which he painted before he was twenty-five, there is a clumsy but real sense of form. Then the bigness of his task made him search for a solution. Within ten years his attitude had changed; he then approached nature as though regular reference could buy forms from her as across a counter; he drew as one draws stock from a warehouse to distribute it in such shop-pieces as *Youth on the Prow and Folly at the Helm, Britomart redeems faire Amoret*, and so on.

JOHN BERGER

Gentle Luther

"Martin Luther" and "The Drawings of Leonardo de Vinci," at the Academy

Since religion in films usually takes the form of a sleek priest with a tennis racket crooning inanities, or of a broken-nosed parson knocking out a bully, it is quite a relief to come upon *Martin Luther*. Most of the serious films (as most of the excruciatingly sweet) have been R.C.: again, here is relief. A clear, clean atmosphere in which to set out; but alas, one finds very soon that the temperature of *Martin Luther* will be, not invigoratingly, low. It has been filmed on the spot; it was made, or blessed—do they bless?—by Lutherans; researched (as they say in the titles) by learned men with such names as Wolff and Pelikan. And it is, within limits, a good honest film.

Let me also be honest. I knew no more about Luther, when he burst into that faintly operatic birthday-party of students in the inn, to announce his removal from the laity to the cloister—I knew no more, I say, than most people know, remembering Diets of Worms and the like from school, and an article or two by Ludwig or Maritain since. I took what I saw, temporarily on trust; and what I saw was a struggle against corrupt authority, a man writhing himself free to peace. Mr. Niall MacGinnis was the man. He was, when tortured by doubts, calm; he had a reassuring strength; and in his great moment of defiance he achieved moving resonance. I liked Mr. MacGinnis, but found myself doubting whether he was Luther. In fact, such knowledge and intuition on the matter as I possessed built up a case against Luther, even while Luther in a measured way was trying to conquer me.

Now if this had been a better and more emphatic film, I don't think it could have happened. All—or nearly all—my sympathies were on the

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

side of rebellion, and I was willing to go quite a long way with an idealised portrait. Yet the final effect was to make me, having mildly enjoyed an excursion out of the usual, sceptical. Was Luther really so amiable? Had he always met cunning with candour, and charmed by logic? Did not the battle against corrupt power itself breed corruption? These were the sort of dubieties aroused; and afterwards, checking them hastily from an authority or two, I found that—as I had suspected—Luther had been whitewashed. He was *not* quite amiable. His boyhood was tortured, his old age frantically involved—both lopped from the film—and while the general facts of rebellion were fairly enough stated, there had been no hint at all, except for one early scene of self-flagellation, of the ambition and resentment at work. However, I suppose the makers of *Martin Luther* have done no more than is done officially when any new saint is created; and all I am concerned with is that, despite a considerable show of fairness and authenticity, the film rarely grips as it should. It does once or twice, especially in the pilgrimage to Rome and the refusal to recant; but these, in a long chronicle that goes slowly, are hardly enough. The director, Irving Pichel, has been understandably cautious. However, this is a film worth considering, and one that has gone round unseen for too long.

It is nicely balanced by the Leonardo short. Here, brought out by dramatic photography, are torture and calm of mind under the wing of the Church as seen in one of the great artistic treasures. Few will have examined the Leonardo notebooks with the attention forced on us here; correlated hair with swirling water, traced the furious horses, balanced ideal with grotesque, noted the restlessness of the inventor and his passion for battle, been overawed by the final terribility of skies. Basil Wright, Adrian de Potier, Michael Ayrton, and their collaborators, have wrested the utmost from these few pages.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Water Gipsies," at the Winter Garden

Who can speak ill of any production that has in its cast Miss Dora Bryan? Existence for her is a perpetual teetering on the edge of all life's minor indiscretions. And as she gives way to temptation—another glass of "bubbly," the mink with all it entails—she is utterly disarmed by her own recklessness, and so disarms and enchants us. She gets a royal reception as the good-time Lily in Sir Alan Herbert's over-reverent dramatisation of his own pre-war best-seller *The Water Gipsies*, and she deserves every show-stopping moment of applause from her first song to her last. The story really concerns her demure sister Jane, nicely played by Miss Pamela Charles, whose proposed marriage to a bargee's son is forbidden as she was born on the shore. She dallies with a Leftist bus conductor, desires an artist, and marries the bargee's boy. It is as unbelievably wholesome as a vegetarian's diet, and about as uninteresting. A Niagara Fall of sentimentality clings stickily to the auditorium like sweetened molasses; and we suffocate, waiting for Miss Bryan's scatty, skew-whiffy common sense. The truth is the production lacks ideas and energy. Much of the music is smoothly pleasant; some numbers when plugged should be remembered. But it wants variety and speed, though not to the same extent as the lyrics need bite. But the play is unfocussed, the book slack, the story diffuse.

M. C.

Concerto, at the Royal Festival Hall

The white tunic, modified from the Grecian model, the sterilised choreography, modified from ballet classicism, are dispassionate styles of decor and movement that agree; but when mixed with Grieg's piano concerto, which gallops around on a swinging, emotional plane, there is conflict. Thus Vassili Lambrinos's *Concerto* for the Festival Ballet Company appears to have no sure direction: the music and dancing are too often separate entities, and, being a fairly long ballet, it becomes boring. On the stage it is always a better policy to leave the audience hoping for something else, rather than to gorge them with too much, from the idea that they demand their money's worth and a little more. But the pleasure in this ballet is to watch unadulterated dancing. The white costumes show off the figures to advantage, so that the detail of each gesture seems delicate and tenuous. The four couples manage their exacting solos and ensembles very well, considering that they are none of them stars. It is the kind of ballet that is, from the dancer's point of view, hard work, yet satisfying, like a strenuous but stimulating class. Noel Rossana is outstanding. She is one of the rare artists who, like Margot Fonteyn, phrase their movements with a perfection that comes of an innate musical sense. It is curious to see how few English dancers have this ability; but I believe that if it was taught from the first moment of training some of that poise and nobility, which is our chief deficiency as ballet artists, would be acquired.

A. F.

Correspondence

PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE

SIR,—Your Paris Correspondent refers to strange indifference by the French public to events in North Africa. So far I have seen no mention in your columns of the even stranger indifference of the British Public to what is being done in our name in "our" parts of Africa.

The Times recently printed details of the charges for which two police sergeants in Kenya were recently sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. Having attended the trials following the liberation of Belsen exactly ten years ago I submit that our sense of justice for such crimes—and perhaps public concern—was a lot sharper then.

Perhaps now that we have the news that coloured South Africans will not be allowed to see our Rugby team play in the Union the English will be sufficiently outraged to demand a change in this nation's official attitude.

If something is not done very soon, either we or our children will at some time in the future be claiming "we didn't know," "we thought it best to keep quiet" "it was a long way off"—as did those many Germans I spoke to at the time about Belsen.

52 Dulwich Village, S.E.21. JOHN S. CHALONER

PUNISHING AFRICANS

SIR,—The inference regarding the Southern Rhodesian farmer who flogged an African is inaccurate, and is in keeping with your views that the European in Central and Southern Africa is a brute and a loafer exploiting the hard-working and high principled African.

The European did, in fact, flog the boy, but death resulted several days later *probably* because of an inherent kidney weakness, and because the boy was moved (medical evidence). The farmer was, no doubt, guilty of assault, but then, when in the bush 40 miles from nowhere, a slightly different technique regarding punishment has to be exercised.

Chisamba, Northern Rhodesia. S. WRIGHT

[Reference is made to this letter on our front page. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Critic might like to know that a good deal of information regarding the treatment of psychopathic and other kinds of murderers is available in this country and can be obtained by reference to the John Howard Library of Criminal Law and Penology at the offices of the Howard League.

With regard to the two institutions for psychopathic offenders that I mentioned in my previous letters (Herstedvester and Utrecht), their respective medical directors, Dr. Stürüp and Professor Baan, will be in this country next week, together with medical and legal experts from many other countries where capital punishment is abolished. These experts are assembling to attend the Third Inter-

national Congress of Criminology, to be held at Bedford College from 12th to 18th September. Although the main subject of the Congress, of which I have the honour to be scientific secretary, is recidivism, a number of lectures dealing with other subjects have been arranged, among them a special symposium on murder.

I believe that if Dr. Kitching and others who are as fairminded as he clearly is, would consult with some of the experts assembled in London, he would find that it is possible to abolish the death penalty without endangering the community, or imposing intolerable conditions on convicted murderers serving long sentences.

The Howard League. HUGH J. KLARE
Secretary

SIR,—We are grateful for Critic's note about our Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. As you mention, we seek to make a mass appeal; and we are, therefore, urgently in need of the names and addresses of supporters. May we beg all abolitionists among your readers to send their names and addresses, on a postcard, to Mrs. Peggy Duff, National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, 14 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2? If, in addition, people would send a contribution, we should be very grateful, for we are urgently in need of funds.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ,
Chairman

National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

ON WHOSE CONSCIENCE?

SIR,—I have read with interest the review by C. H. Rolph in your issue of September 3. Millions of words have been written about the Evans and Christie case and it has been discussed in almost every home and language in the Western World. All this has been unnecessary because in fact the problem is simplicity itself and it is as follows:—

Within the space of four feet square (Christie's washhouse and recess) at different times had lain the bodies of six women and a baby, all similarly strangled, wrapped, treated and disposed of. There could have been only one murderer (Christie) of all these people unless, in the case of Beryl and baby Evans, he had an accomplice (Evans). Evans could not have been Christie's accomplice because not only would this have come out at the trial of either Evans or Christie or the Scott Henderson Inquiry, but neither Evans nor Christie in their confessions to the murder of Beryl make any suggestion that they had worked together. At the Old Bailey in 1950 Evans accused Christie of strangling Beryl and baby Evans, and in 1953 Christie confessed to strangling Beryl.

There is only one possible conclusion from the few words that I have written above and that is that Christie was the killer of Beryl and baby Evans and that Evans was completely innocent.

I feel that it is imperative that a public inquiry into the Evans case be held, having the power to summon witnesses and examine them on oath. Only in this way can all matters, and some that I have chosen not to mention in my book, come to light, and the guilt or innocence of Evans be finally established. Should his innocence be proved, the causes that led up to this miscarriage of justice can be laid bare.

MICHAEL EDDOWES

22 Yeomans Row,
S.W.3.

SIR,—The first sentence of C. H. Rolph's article refers to "the execution of Timothy Evans in March, 1950, for murders confessed to three years later by John Reginald Christie." Is this true? My recollection is that Evans, though charged with the murder of both wife and child, was tried for and found guilty of the murder of the child only, and Christie never confessed to the murder of the child.

The words quoted showed so much bias that I am afraid that I did not give the rest of the article the attention it may have deserved. C. S. LAW

Maclay Hall,
17 Park Terrace,
Glasgow.

ST. PAUL'S

SIR,—Wren called in to witness against the "popular fallacy" of designing formal approaches for great architecture! Mr. J. M. Richards bangs about very prettily, and to some effect, in "The Genius of St. Paul's". But the impetus of this particular circular swipe surely lands him on his behind. Wren's plan for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire—ditched for reasons of finance, and "business as usual" in double quick time—was in the grandest Grand Manner he could command. It was geometrical, perspectival, axial, and it set St. Paul's at the culmination of a great arrow-straight processional way that sprang from the neighbourhood of Temple Bar in the west, leapt the Fleet river on a bridge, dived under a triumphal arch at Ludgate, and flared out into the fine triangular piazza which was to close the vista. Big stuff, in fact; a "display of symmetry and space" that might have rejoiced the heart of Le Nôtre.

It is certainly arguable that formal approaches are not invariably the aptest setting for great architecture. Perhaps they are often unsuitable in this age of informality. There is something to be said for the piecemeal view—the kind of glimpse the medieval "squint" gave of the church altar. These things are being said, with a variety of theories and illustrations. But, "popular fallacy"? The systems and practice of the great formalists of the Renaissance, and of their latter-day heirs, equated with an old wife's beliefs? Mr. Richards should really hit with more precision.

G. L. W. MACKENZIE

23 Bolton Gardens,
S.W.5.

ARABS AND JEWS

SIR,—In your article of September 3, "Mr. Dulles and the Arabs," the writer seems to call on all his skill to try to avoid mentioning the plight and sufferings of the 800,000 Arab refugees. Instead, he merely put the Palestine problem as a dispute between the Arab States and Israel about fixing a border line and paying some compensation to the refugees, ignoring the elementary and more important problem of giving the refugees the right to determine their destiny as any other nation, including their return to their homeland. In order to cover this intentional omission he goes on to boast of Israel's Socialist system and progress, ignoring that millions of dollars are being contributed by Jews all over the world for its upkeep, while Arabs have been subjected to foreign and local exploitation and robberies for centuries. Still feeling unsatisfied with all this siding with the Jews, he goes on to say that it is only the Pashas in Arab countries who really want the present state of tension to continue.

I can only reply to this preposterous suggestion and nonsense by advising the writer to try to learn more about the views of the rising generation of educated Arabs to find that they are the only power in the Middle East which hold back some of the Arab governments from submitting to a shameful agreement with Israel.

Arab Students' Union in U.K. T. SHIBIB
51 Inverness Terrace, W.2. *Secretary*

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Mr. Trevor-Roper claims that Marx and several other historians are dead because "the universal systems which they constructed from the past and applied to the future have been shown to be invalid." He proves his point by saying that Marx's historical doctrine has been transformed and "modern Marxists with a million mass-produced needles busily stitch and mend the system." Indeed they do, just as all scientists busily stitch and mend the laws and hypotheses of all branches of science. It is this very testing and transforming of science as it is applied to an ever changing world that gives science its penetrating insight and efficacy, and makes it so superior to the "eternal laws" and "universal systems" which do not undergo such transformations.

Marx, sniffs Mr. Trevor-Roper, never deduced the rise of Fascism. Neither did Galileo deduce the

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JONATHAN CAPE

dropping of the atomic bomb. Does this mean that Galileo is dead and modern physics with him?

We do not judge the founders of modern science by their prophecies. Galileo was no Nostradamus, but he helped us to look sensibly and accurately at the marvellous complications of Nature's inner workings. He laid down no dogmas, no eternal laws, and his findings have been transformed almost out of recognition, but the science of modern physics which he helped to found has made possible a tremendous step forward in man's progress.

Marx has done no less. He helped us to look sensibly and accurately at human relationships and the evolution of human society, and the science of society which he helped to found has done much to give us the understanding and the power to make us the masters and not the victims of our fate.

FINLAY MACKENZIE

40 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

"THE MUDDLED MIND OF HENRY GEORGE"

SIR,—Those who know the works of Henry George, at first-hand, appreciate the clarity of his thinking and the soundness of his proposals: there is no muddle there. The heading of the review was Norman MacKenzie's, not Professor Barker's.

Of course George was "obsessed" by the land problem: that is the basis of his philosophy. Because revolutions, here and elsewhere, had not the fundamental basis of securing the land for the people born into it, either by legislative fiat or by appropriation of rent, their upheavals were unavailable. Failure, too, has dogged the efforts of political and social reformers, because they did not make sure that the enhanced value of land would be taken for the upkeep of the services creating that value. They allowed the increase to be taken in rent by private landlords.

The critic is wrong when he says that California made its special imprint on his (George's) mind. He emphasised that the principle applies even more strongly:

> where land is entirely appropriated as in England, or where it is either appropriated or is capable of appropriation as rapidly as it is needed for use as in United States, the ultimate effect of labour-saving machinery or improvements is to increase rent without increasing wages or interest.

The endless struggle to raise wages to keep up with prices (even with the intervention of Trade Unions) shows how right George was in that basic statement.

Famine prices for land in our cities and inflated prices on the perimeter help to nullify our efforts to get rid of the heritage of slums. We have to pile on rates and taxes which discourage full use of land. Surely that is muddledom!

Our electricity authorities are carrying light and power to every village and farm, which sends up rent and price of land. Should not that value go to meet public expenditure and reduce taxes?

The critic is at fault in attributing the development charge in the 1947 Act to such as George: that was penalising use of land in the worst possible way: few could raise the capital charge in advance.

The world will have to come back to the principles of Henry George (and many before him and since): "Take the value of land, created by the community and individuals, for the upkeep of national and local services, and reduce the burdens on improveing land—the true way to encourage production and enterprise."

A. B. MACKAY

13 Struan Road, Glasgow, S.4.

LITTER

SIR,—I am always so much at one with "Critic" in London Diary that it came as a shock to find him advocating "burying your litter." It is true that John Campbell's notice still remains at the Sligachan entrance, begging one to "burn or bury," but I have regarded that tolerantly for its period flavour, quite in keeping fifty years ago.

We are all warned against "burning" nowadays; and I submit, Sir, that "burying" is just as much out of date. We none of us carry entrenching tools to the top of a hill, so "burying" resolves itself into finding some convenient stone to hide the stuff under. Few things are more disgusting than turning over stone after stone, finding under one greasy paper, the next tomato skins and the next crumbling biscuits and cheese. Surely, if people are strong enough to carry their paper bags full of food *up* a hill, they should be strong enough to carry the empty bags *down* again. This, rather than burying, should, I think, be the practice for today's queues of hill walkers.

C. C. MACKINTOSH

Lymington, Hants.

GREEK PRISONERS

SIR,—My husband, Tony Ambatielos, General Secretary of the Federation of Greek Maritime Unions, has been imprisoned in Greece since 1947.

Although sentenced to death with nine of his trade union colleagues in 1948, he was saved from execution as a result of British protests.

Now he and nearly two thousand others are threatened with deportation to the Greek Devil's Island, Youra. Between 1947 and 1952 hundreds of Greek prisoners died on this island from torture, forced labour and disease. As a result of public outcry the place was closed down. Now, two thousand prisoners are to be transported there to the worst prisons in Greece, where there are 400 underground cells without any windows!

May I through your columns beg your readers to protest against the re-opening of the Youra Prisons, and demand their abolition, immediately. Such protests can be sent to the Greek Ambassador, 51 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1, and to other authorities.

BETTY AMBATIELOS

HYDROGEN BOMB CAMPAIGN

SIR,—It is encouraging to find that Bertrand Russell, many distinguished scientists and many politicians are actively engaged in arousing public opinion to the serious dangers involved in nuclear warfare and experiments with nuclear weapons.

Immediately after the hydrogen bomb was first exploded a number of us started a campaign with a similar purpose. Meetings were held all over the country and a widely signed petition was presented at 10, Downing Street on New Year's Eve. We were, we believe, among the first to make a really serious effort to awaken the public conscience on this matter.

Unfortunately we are now left with a deficit of approximately £400 and although we do not begrudge this amount we should like to feel that it was more fairly spread than it would be if it was just our responsibility. May we therefore appeal through your columns to anybody who wishes to help us retrospectively with our work, to send a donation to Sidney Silverman, M.P., at the House of Commons, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

DONALD SOPER

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LOKAMANYA B. G. TILAK

SIR,—The "Kesari-Mahratta Trust" of Poona has entrusted me with the work of writing a biography in English of the late Lokamanya B. G. Tilak, pioneer in the field of the Indian freedom movement—he was described by Sir Valentine Chirol as "The Father of Indian Unrest" and by Mahatma Gandhi as "The Maker of Modern India." I am working on this book to be published in July next year, on the occasion of the birthday centenary of Tilak.

Although Mr. Tilak came to England only once in his lifetime—in 1918—to conduct his case against Sir Valentine Chirol, he was in close touch by correspondence with many Sanskrit scholars and prominent Members of Parliament between 1890 and 1920.

May I appeal through the generosity of your columns to all who can help to give me the benefit of their co-operation? Of course, I will return material to owners who make it available to me.

35, Eyre Street Hill, London, E.C.1. — D. V. TAHMANKAR

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Art of Manners

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON is the best mannered writer of prose among our contemporary essayists. It is fitting that he should write about good behaviour* and the salient aspects of its history; it is remarkable that he should have made sufficient notes during a lifetime's idle reading from which to recount the vicissitudes of human civility during the last 2,000 years. His scholarship is enlivened by idiosyncrasy—he can enjoy (which I cannot) the sight and sound of a man plunging into violent rage, he delights in the invective of the Turks, and he thinks *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* a deplorable play—he is opinionated without bullying, he does not purvey urbanity with too much circumlocution, and he can use an adverb with cunning. He hopes, for example, that we shall not "readily" accuse him of aristocratic or feudal prejudices. No: we shall "step carefully, lifting the toes and dragging the heels" as Chou-Li prescribes for those offering a gift of jade, before making the suggestion. The manners he admires are those which the educated English have for a long time preferred: the natural manners which are based on a tolerance of individuality, upon reason and affection. The manners he deplores are those which the English of the worried classes have frequently fallen into: the puritanical, the restrictive and respectable; what, in European terms we call the bourgeois and, in America, what Henry Adams called the conventional. With amusement, Sir Harold also deplores behaviour that has ceased to be a protest and exemplar and has become fossilised in ceremonies, like the tedious formulae of pre-revolutionary China, the rituals of the Turkish and Spanish States of 50 years ago and the sinister, secretive customs of the Imperial Japanese. He is very aware that theories of manners are useful myths created by minorities; and that there was nothing in the age of chivalry, for example, when there was a highly civilising cult of the *princesse lointaine*, to prevent a subscriber to the cult from punching his adjacent wife and knocking her teeth out. Manners would make man if they could. They are not a history of folly, for each phase has left a permanent deposit in civilisation.

In matters of behaviour, as in everything else, there are the creative and the subservient minds. There are those who are conscious of behaviour as an indispensable moral accoutrement, as Montaigne or Erasmus were; and those who take their behaviour at one remove from the source. At certain periods—at the time of the French Revolution, or with the coming of the Evangelical movement in England—questions of behaviour became questions of principle. New kinds of behaviour, like the chivalrous, the gentlemanly and that of the French *honnête homme*, were, in their genesis, as revolutionary as the puritanical or as the protests of respectability. The inventors of manners, like Confucius, were people who found themselves in societies which were unhappy and undirected because they had bad manners or none. And here we put Sir Harold's book down and ask ourselves to what his philosophical island of Laputa is tethered. He himself has been bothered by the same question. We lie between an individualist and a mass society, and although it is hard to decide which is the gay dog and which the dull between them, we do not believe that mass society will be either interesting or capable of survival if it turns down the individual. But what is the myth or exemplar of mass society? Sir Harold does not know. He suspects he might come to some conclusions if he frankly considered the Americans but the Americans, though consumed by self-criticism, do not care for others—the English least of all—to set down their impressions. American charm—as Sir Harold says—lies in the proneness to the difficult adolescent emotions of ecstasy and despair: woe to the foreign inquirer who credits a changeable people with the interest of a more complex physiognomy if he wishes to keep his friends. There are the Russians—but they are obtuse. As for the possible English contribution to massmanship Sir Harold is again tactful—is tact about to become the presiding vice of human intercourse?—but I notice he retains the old delusion that we "have never been an urban race." We have been predominantly urban since the industrial revolution and are now the most urbanised nation in the world, despite the fact that rich men retire into country life as quickly as they can.

It seems to me that the mass-man is likelier to be a country-hater like Dr. Johnson than a Wordsworthian; he is already, like his American counterpart, a suburban. But while we wait for this to be decided I wish Sir Harold had tethered his discussions to the exemplars or myths of his own generation, for he has lived through a period of crisis in English manners. He has seen value transferred from the ideals of public service and the art of ruling to the belief in personal relationships. He himself harks back with nostalgia to the brio, the many-sidedness, the sensibility of the Devonshire House set and the old Whig aristocracy. Yet, though stiffened by the puritanism of Cambridge, the thoughtful cult of personal relationships has turned out to have little power of controlling the violence of human passions and is now losing all authority and attraction in a mess of alcoholic scenes, public brawls, enacted on principle and ending in humiliating visits to the psychiatrist. As a minority myth it is in full decadence, having fulfilled its real task: the civilising of the hard, impersonal mass organisations we live in. We see the benefits of this conception of good behaviour in the respect for sympathy, gentleness and imagination in public dealings with people. The manners of one generation, as Sir Harold says, become the customs of the next. The abuses of manners provoke the new dispensation.

Sir Harold is bored by the contacts he has had with cultures that are paralysed by rituals. He recognises that an English education does not train one to spend hours "in exchanging compliments with a succession of pashas, valis, mutessarifs, mudirs, kaimakams, bimbashas, sheikhs, kadhudas and chapachibashis," with whom it is ill-mannered to go straight to the point. For him the most intelligent and appreciative human type that has ever existed is the Greek Kalos Kagathos, who was required to be both gentle and passionate. He reigned for a mere 80 years and then, ruined by democracy, took disastrously to drink and the lascivious playing of the flute. For Sir Harold the Romans have left us no doctrine of living fastidiously, and he sticks to the unfashionable opinion that the Dark Ages were dark: "It is not unfitting that we should enter (them), with our ears throbbing to the sound of guttural voices and in our nostrils the stench of putrid cheese." Civilisation shows its light again with the age of chivalry. If courtly love and the worship of the *princesse lointaine* were aberrations, if massacre was the habit in war, and the idea of personal honour proved to have no relation with probity, the idealism of chivalry has had a lasting influence on civilised life. It survived the ridicule of Cervantes, it enhanced the position of women, it taught the barbarous that love is more lasting than lust, it exalted the gay against the villainous. What it did not do was to provide any occupation for middle age; the knight and his lady, as the years advanced, as the jousting bones stiffened and the paunch expanded, are strikingly unlovely figures.

It is from the time of Erasmus onwards that Sir Harold begins to find more congenial company and arguments that come home to us. From Erasmus springs the preaching of the need for consideration for others; from Montaigne the idea that "we must cultivate our own authenticity," our "maîtresse forme" which we should examine, cultivate and exploit. If the French concept of the *honnête homme* moved out of the Court and the drawing-room and added to itself the sense of duty to one's neighbour and its civility became part of civilisation, it lacked modesty when compared with the English concept of the gentleman, because Court life dominated France far longer than England. Our civilisation was expanding and more mobile, the authority of the Crown had been transferred to Parliament. The young and ambitious ceased to be courtiers and became men of the world. Yet, in fact, the gentleman was a rural figure. For all his virtues, he came to pride himself on lack of intellect as we can see from Squire Western. He became snobbish about commercial wealth, and although he was pushed aside by the rising and educated middle class, the influence of this snobbery lasted well into the 19th century. Cobbett thought the English country gentleman "superlatively base"; a hundred years before Defoe had called him illiterate and grosser in stupidity than the Muscovites. Such an impression must be corrected by the portrait Sir Harold gives of the aristocratic concept of a country gentleman in the 60 years before the Reform Bill of 1832:

> To their minds a gentleman must possess a splendid naturalness; a perfect self-assurance, a gift for all the arts of life. He must be frank and outspoken, capable of manly sentiment, even of sensibility, polished and precise. He must understand the country, attend to his

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—JOHN DAVENPORT (*Observer*)

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estates and gain pleasure from rural pursuits. He must be able to drink copiously without distortion of feature or enunciation and gamble wildly without manifest disquiet. He must be a man of culture, understand the arts, be able to quote the classics correctly, know all about Vitruvius and Bramante, have a complete mastery of the French language, and be expert about food and wine. He must be good-tempered to the point of laxity; his rages, when they occur, should be sublime. He must love beautiful things and scenery and pay his court to lovely women. He must be fond of animals and be able easily to converse with jockeys, trainers, boxers and fencing masters. Unless deeply in love, he must never permit himself to disclose ill-health or melancholy. His smile, his voice, his every movement, should be expressive of slow grace. He must, while paying all respect to the institution of Monarchy, regard the garishness of the Regent, his satellites and mistresses, with amused displeasure. Never must he imitate the artifices of the dandies or appear in public too elegantly arranged. His intonation, in the manner of Devonshire House, must be slow, gentle, drawling. He must say "Lunnon" for London, "yaller" for yellow, "balcôny" for balcony, "Room" for Rome, "goold" for gold and "cowcumber" for cucumber. He must remember that he forms part of a mutual admiration society and must admire and even gush.

It was an approach to the Renaissance ideal of the whole man; for ourselves its indifference to those outside the set is insufferable. Its Mitfordist traits seem to us suburban. The 19th century presented society with a public conscience and although it is "insufficient to construct a system by which the individual will be protected against fear and want" there will be no "embellishment of life" in our kind of society, unless that condition is satisfied. Nor would that genial state of affairs have existed at Devonshire House, if fear and want had been at the door.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Au Jardin du Luxembourg

Between the palace and the
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on the lawn towards
the chestnut trees in quincunx or colonnade.

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flowers, lace bonnet or Brittany cap, look
startled, pensive,
stare into space, chin on hand or arms folded.

Down near the pool where lovers
wander, bronze Pan dances on one
goat foot. Plum-colored
doves bathe in streams of silver. Above, Bathilde,
Marie, Berthe and
Jeanne grasp prayerbook, daisies or broken
sceptre.

Ladies of France, presiding in
silence over the marigolds
and oleander,
do you remember your kings? Ask Diana.
Ask the Loves that
lift shallow bowls of petunias towards the sky.

ANNE HYDE GREET

The Oppenheimer Mystery

We Accuse. By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Put aside your Whodunnit—even if it's by Agatha Christie. You will find more to absorb you in the mystery story of Robert Oppenheimer. For the first time you can study it for yourself. The full report that led to his dismissal from all secret projects in the United States ran to about a million words; the only article I have seen in this country based on an examination of the whole document was in this journal last October; it was by R. H. S. Crossman, who used it to pass the time on his passage home from the United States. The meat of the Report, shorn of redundancies, repetitions, and the less important testimonies, makes a volume of about 400 pages which is shortly to be published by Messrs. Secker and Warburg. It may well be read in conjunction with a comment on the whole affair by the famous Alsop brothers, who, whether we like their views or not, are among the world's most candid, influential and best informed columnists.

They boldly call their book *We Accuse*; they hold that Admiral Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, together with some of the Service people who attacked Oppenheimer, were guilty in the same sense as the accusers of Dreyfus. The Alsops also attack the whole American security system as an outrage on "every decent tradition of American liberty"; they say that it relies on the testimony of hired informers and poison pen letters, that it accepts every whisper of malice, refuses to confront the accused with the accusers, and tries to enforce a ludicrously rigid conception of loyalty. Finally, they point out that the men who actually condemned Oppenheimer did so on different, inconsistent and even contradictory grounds. And they hold that even the good and honest men who were concerned in his condemnation were influenced by the McCarthyite hysteria that was sweeping the United States in 1953.

The Oppenheimer story begins with his appointment as head of the Atomic Project in 1943 because he was "the only American capable of doing the job." The fact that he had many family and personal connections with Communists, and that, like other good liberals in America and Britain, he had been a member of many "Front" organisations opposing Fascism in Germany and Spain, was, of course, fully known to the authorities who chose him. After his appointment he lived under constant surveillance; his telephone was tapped, his letters opened, his every movement checked. In spite of this there has never been any allegation that he had intentionally or inadvertently disclosed any secret information to anyone. He was given a full clearance by Admiral Strauss himself in 1947. Oppenheimer was indiscreet enough not to give up all his old Leftish friends, and in one single instance was foolish enough to tell lies to the Security Officer to shield a friend who had not committed any offence. The fullest investigations before the Gray Committee led two of its members to the contradictory conclusion that he was completely loyal and discreet and yet that he should be excluded from secret research. A third member found in his favour and declared that his colleagues had done a black day's work in America's history and the worst that another of his judges could find to say against him was that he was not loyal to the Security Regulations!

Why did Admiral Strauss condemn Oppenheimer on suspicions that he had dismissed as baseless six years before? Why did he arrange for his trial to be held in a place where his normal counsel could not appear? Why did he arrange for the "fact finding" inquiry to employ a very tough McCarthyite prosecutor, who conducted the case as if it had been a murder trial? Why were vital documents withheld from Oppen-

heimer and why was the damaging part of the evidence given before the Gray Commission "leaked" to the press although it was all given under pledge of secrecy? The Alsops' answer is completely convincing. Apart from Strauss's personal reasons for disliking Oppenheimer, their answer is that Oppenheimer was the most influential member of the Atomic Committee which advised against the manufacture of the H-bomb. The central interest of the Oppenheimer case lies in the motive and circumstances of this decision to oppose the "crash" project to produce the H-bomb.

Comedy is introduced into the trial by the evidence of men like Wilson and Griggs who caricatured the point of view of the simple-minded, unthinking, service officer. If the Russians had an A-bomb and America could possess an H-bomb, what other motive, they asked, other than pacifism or treachery, could make the head of an Atomic Project hesitate about switching to the manufacture of H-bombs? The doubts of Oppenheimer and his senior colleagues only increased the suspicion of the Bigger Bomb men. When Oppenheimer said that there were moral as well as technical issues involved, talked of the chance of some international agreement and added that America needed Civil Defence first and that he hoped no such weapons would ever be made and that to make them might even be dangerous to American security, scientists like Teller, who longed to show his skill in making an H-bomb, and little men like Griggs could only diagnose mental confusion or pro-Communism.

The Alsops have always believed in being "tough" with Communism. They have consistently demanded a vast U.S. defence programme, and urged armed resistance to Communist expansion. But they have not succumbed to the illusion, commonly held by high officers in the Pentagon, that Communists could be bombed out of existence any fine evening. To drop big bombs on Communist capitals would not stop the Russian or Chinese armies from sweeping through Europe. America, the Alsops believed, had to be willing to fight the small wars, or we should, one day, have to choose between total atomic conflict or capitulation. They understood the dilemma into which an American policy of restraining Communism by "massive retaliation" would lead the Western Powers. If it were known that, say, a Soviet attack on Yugoslavia would only be met by bombs on Moscow and also necessarily on New York, what American Government would ever have the guts to impede Communist encroachment? In short, they held that Oppenheimer, who agreed that America must do the preparatory work on the H-bomb which could be developed if all alternative policies failed, was right in fearing that the American public might fall a victim to a "magical" theory of security through a weapon that, when it came to it, no one would dare to use.

The most remarkable evidence heard by the Gray Committee was given by George F. Kennan, America's most thoughtful foreign policy expert and chief pundit on Soviet theory. (He has long since ceased to be employed by the State Department.) His personal defence of Oppenheimer was as warm and impressive as that of all Oppenheimer's close scientific associates. He argued that "the higher types of knowledge and wisdom" are not acquired "without very considerable anguish and often a very considerable road of error." Great saints have often been great sinners; if you want to be served by the best minds, you must expect to find them amongst people with vulnerable pasts. He added, no doubt consciously recalling Dean Acheson's famous remark about Hiss, that if friends turn out to have been misguided, "it is a part of Christian charity to try to be at least as decent as you can to them." Finally, he explained to the Commission how complex were the considerations involved in a decision whether to make the H-bomb. The Russians, he said, for no idealistic reason, have always been "very, very careful not to use the weapon of mass destruction as a threat to other people." There was no reason to think that they wished suddenly to drop bombs for destruction's sake; on the contrary, they wanted to extend their totalitarian power without war. America's defence therefore depended very largely on her ability to create confidence in other people by building a positive and constructive policy which, backed up by an adequate defence preparation, would make America a leader of the free world.

As the evidence proceeds it becomes abundantly clear that the reason for the dismissal of Oppenheimer was that he understood issues of this type which the Service chiefs of Washington thought mere intellectual vaporising. It was therefore true, in spite of many protestations to the contrary, that Oppenheimer was sacrificed, like some member of the Politbureau, because he had expressed opinions which were unpopular with people in a position to destroy him.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Johnsons' Lives

Tudor Family Portrait. By BARBARA WINCHESTER. *Cape.* 25*s.*

John Johnson and his brother Otwell Johnson, of the family firm Johnson and Co., were Merchants of the Staple in the mid-sixteenth century. That is to say, they exported wool to the Continent through the Staple town of Calais. They prospered by association with the Caves, who in turn were clients of Thomas Cromwell. The Calais end of the business was managed by Otwell Johnson, the English end by John Johnson, who settled at Glapthorn, Northants, a manor belonging to the Cromwells. Their prosperity, however, did not last. In 1551 Otwell Johnson died of that mysterious Tudor disease, the sweating sickness. At the same time the business ran into heavy weather. It was over-extended—there were new sidelines in English corn and Spanish wine—and under-capitalised; and in the 1550s (a period of notable bankruptcies) it crashed. John Johnson went into a debtor's prison; his creditors squabbled for his assets; and the papers of the firm passed into the Public Records, whence Miss Winchester has brought them to light.

The complete papers of a Tudor merchant house—what a unique discovery! What light we hope for on economic and social history! We think of the Paston, Stonor and Cely papers of the previous century. But no: Miss Winchester prefers a nice family portrait. For were not the Johnsons "a typical bourgeois family" like so many subscribers to the Book Society? Were they not "ordinary men and women like ourselves," the details of whose daily lives—"the venison and green ginger that they ate, the red wine and potent ale they drank, the velvet gowns and ruffled shirts that they wore" (etc., etc.)—must surely be of interest to "the general reader"? We might answer that "the general reader," if he wants such stuff, can get it anywhere. If these Johnsons have anything to tell us, if it was worth exhuming them from decent oblivion, it is because of their mercantile activities. They could illuminate the decline of the traditional English wool trade, overtaken by the new trade in cloth, or the last days of the Calais Staple, or the causes of the boom-and-bust of the 1550s. In their private capacities they are no more interesting than "the general reader" himself: in fact they are crashing bores.

I have said that such stuff can be found anywhere. Miss Winchester herself proves my point, for to enliven the natural dullness, or fill the merciful gaps in the Lives of the Johnsons, she regularly seeks her matter elsewhere. What did Mr. Johnson look like? We do not know: but perhaps he had some professional resemblance to a Flemish merchant of whom we happen to have a portrait; so we are given the portrait. And Mrs. Johnson? Again we do not know: but who knows that she may not have looked like an otherwise unknown Mrs. Pemberton? So

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in comes Mrs. Pemberton's portrait. And then the Johnsons no doubt liked confectionery—so we have some recipes from Sir Hugh Plat (who wrote half a century later); and flowers and furniture—so we have a Dutchman's list of English flowers and furniture, "for there is no reason to think that Glapthorn Manor fell short" of what this Dutchman had seen elsewhere. The Queen of Scotland's wardrobe illustrates the kind of clothes Mrs. Johnson could not afford to wear, three pages of verse the kind of housemaid she may or may not have employed. Altogether it is not the Johnsons who illustrate Tudor habits: it is Tudor habits which are brought in to illustrate the hypothetical lives of the Johnsons. Nor are we spared their hypothetical emotions: their meditations on "the eternal progress of the seasons" as they sat in their orchard ("exquisite in springtime when the trees were clouded with pink blossom, and again in autumn with their hanging russet fruit") in those days when "within her silver moat England was gathering forces for the consummation of her genius in Elizabeth's reign, for that immortal host of explorers and playwrights and exquisite singers of songs." Etc., etc.

And what of Tudor history in general? Once again it is Miss Winchester's prejudices, not the Johnsons, that illustrate it. We read about "the transition from the careless, extrovert, sunlit world of the Middle Ages, a world of security and stability," to the nasty Modern Age "where nothing was stable any more, nothing secure"; about Henry VIII, the destroyer of feudalism, the "power-ridden megalomaniacs" whom he raised to office, and, in particular, the "mean-minded" Thomas Cromwell. "For sheer, mean, cold-blooded ruthlessness—he had no heart to speak of—Cromwell is almost without equal in English history." It is not worth refuting such stuff. It was not worth writing it either.

Altogether one is depressed by this waste of industry and, perhaps, opportunity. According to Miss Winchester, the Johnson papers are "the most magnificent collection of Tudor letters yet to see the light of day." The claim is, of course, preposterous; but supposing the papers have some historical or literary interest, why should they not be edited and published properly? If they have no such interest, they should stay in the Record Office, for the Johnson family in itself cannot sustain a book. But alas, publishers now prefer a third course. They think they have created a market for historical slops, and they are determined to supply it. Like Dr. Summerskill at the Ministry of Food, they insist that they know better than the public what the public wants; and who are we to say, like Mr. Jorrocks when offered mince, "Thank you, Madam, I prefer to do my own chewing"?

H. R. Trevor-Roper

Marcel Aymé

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The Peripatetic Don

Snake Wine: A Singapore Episode. By Patrick Anderson. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

This looks like a novel but it is not; it is a sparkling piece of reporting in the current academic-picaresque manner. Mr. Anderson went out as lecturer to the University of Malaya and the book is a series of letters and journal extracts from his spell in Singapore. The relation to actuality is quite uninhibited; none of the characters is fictitious and all references are to living persons. If any of them feels less than flattered he should take comfort from the author's portrait of himself. Mr. Anderson seems to realise what a long start the autobiographical writer gets by giving himself a thoroughly disagreeable character. His basis is the mixture of incompetence, bravado and self-pity which seems today to be the standard *persona* of the peripatetic don; and he has added to this a serviceably powerful dose of sultry egotism of his own. Other great assets are a capacity for limited, but real, relationships with a wide diversity of people, and a splendid reeking *nostalgie de la boue.*

The result is a thoroughly entertaining and even a valuable book. The way to tell the truth about a new place is to be maladjusted and ill-informed. Only thus is it possible to attain the state of friendless irresponsibility in which one's immediate impressions can come through uncontaminated. The immediate impression is Mr. Anderson's forte; I don't know any book that gives as much of the smell of Singapore. Old Malayans and new ones who are taking Malaya's political future seriously may find it tiresome; but that is because most of the time it is telling the flat truth with all the disengagement of the bird of passage. The bars have changed since my time, but Mr. Anderson's are remarkably authentic; so is the enigmatic, inconsequent sensation of life in a Chinese village. The official hierarchy, really so powerful and so obvious, attracts little of this writer's attention; instead we get an excellent comic-sympathetic picture of English-educated Eastern students. The economic and political drives are mostly left unexplained, but in a way they come out all the more clearly from this fragmentary Chekhovian sketch of the new Malayan intelligentsia. The students think their professors will discriminate against them in examinations if they play politics; which isn't true. On the other hand, they think that nothing serious can happen to them if they play with the Communists; and that isn't true either; and some of them get arrested. Others have other worries:

> Does a play have to have a climax? What is the actual meaning of *dénouement* or *entrechat* or *Weltanschauung*, or, since his ideas leap quickly from place to place, fanny? Is there likely to be an entirely new art-form? Is a Rolleiflex better than a Leica? . . . Life here is too unreal. I think I shall go home to Batu Pahat.

These conversations could never have happened a few years ago; now they do. The fact is that an entirely new kind of life has developed in Malaya since the war, which those who lived in the mellow pre-war sunset of the British raj find hard to recognise. *Snake Wine* is one of the first books to describe it. Mr. Anderson's personal style, problems and frustrations are a little too modish, though probably none the less genuine for that; the scene he describes is odder and more interesting than even he suspects.

Graham Hough

France Squares the Circle

The State of France. By Herbert Lüthy. *Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

Of the forty or so serious works which have been written about France since the war, this is by far the best and most readable. Dr. Lüthy, a Swiss journalist and scholar, combines a wide knowledge of all spheres of French life with a systematic method which enables him to describe the personality of France in a series of illuminating paradoxes. This is a closely thought-out book, a book with a theme: the tragic breakdown of national intelligence. "France," writes Dr. Lüthy,

> has again and again succeeded in squaring the circle by miracles of dexterity and adroitness . . . but the little bit left over every time the circle is squared has now grown so big that it can no longer be ignored.

Behind the formal facade of Gallic logic lies an endless series of disastrous inconsistencies. The dogmas of 1789 created the myth of a republican, revolutionary France, a myth sustained by generations of orators from both Left and Right; but running alongside the myth, "on parallel lines which never meet," is the reality of centralised power—a complex of authoritarian institutions which owe more to Richelieu than to Danton, staffed by generations of conservative administrators whose only loyalty is to their own class and mentality. Orators fulminate, cabinets fall and are painfully rebuilt, but the real decisions are made in the dusty rooms of those great Second Empire buildings off the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard St. Germain by a few hundred underpaid and invisible civil servants. Hence "France is not governed—she is administered."

Springing from this political paradox are the anomalies of France's economic geography. Authoritarian, centralised France has resulted in a national disease: the gigantism of Paris. "All the lines of force in France, in trade, traffic, politics, and things of the mind, ended by arranging themselves round this centre, like iron filings round a magnet." As a result, "Paris has turned the rest of France into an intellectual desert." But the triumph of Paris has encompassed its own—and France's—ruin. The men of the provinces, the peasants, artisans and shopkeepers who constitute France's electoral centre of gravity, have responded to the threat of the Parisian colossus with the only weapon in their power: political patronage. They have been aided in this battle by two decisive post-war phenomena: the rapid growth of the Communist Party, which has led the French industrial workers to contract out of political society, and the chaos of inflation, which has swollen the ranks of the petty bourgeoisie by an army of surplus middlemen Hence the lobbies have been everywhere triumphant; industrial Paris and the north have been sacrificed to the backward areas of the south and centre; and the salaried workers, who represent progressive France, have been ground between the twin millstones of the peasantry and the small businessmen. The Monnet Plan was sabotaged by the failure of agriculture and the distributive trades, the ideals of the Fourth Republic were betrayed by the victory of the small town. And Paris, greedy and arrogant Paris, suffered most of all. With its concentric rings of slums and its miles of crumbling houses it has become the symbol of a France in decay.

The main outlines of Dr. Lüthy's remarkable thesis are sketched in the three opening chapters; and readers who feel unequal to the task of digesting the whole of this long and formidable book are strongly recommended to concentrate

on these. But the remainder is also of great interest. There is an admirably clear synopsis of post-war French politics, a long and illuminating section on the French Union, and a brilliant analysis of the policy of MM. Bidault and Schuman.

Naturally, in a work of this nature, where a great and complex nation is seen through a personal intellectual spectrum, there are a number of flaws. Dr. Lüthy is rather a circle-squarer himself, and some of the bits left over are quite important. On the whole, he exaggerates the power of French senior civil servants and underestimates the ability of French politicians to make their lives a misery. There have been four major reshuffles of prefects in the last three years, all for political reasons. The Civil Service is finding great difficulty in recruiting suitable candidates for its higher grades because, as one of them stated recently when he withdrew his candidature, "the French State no longer exists"—an incident which rightly attracted great attention. Nowadays, the power of ministers' personal *cabinets* is growing at the expense of the permanent staff of the ministries. Senior officials often tend to become pawns in a political game of chess played by incompetent and ever-changing Cabinets: M. Grandval is the latest victim.

Again, like almost all progressive, but non-Communist, commentators on post-war France, Dr. Lüthy exaggerates both the worth and the importance of the MRP. However praiseworthy its ideals, this party has, in practice, never come anywhere near realising them, and it has now definitely given up the struggle. The Fourth Republic was not betrayed by the Communists and the Gaullists—neither of them ever had the chance—but by the respectable Centre. The two crucial errors of the post-war years—the failure to adopt the Mendès-France currency reform in 1945 and the launching of the Indo-China war—were the responsibility of Messrs. Pleven and Letourneau, both archetypes of the post-war Centre politician. Indeed, the existence of this powerful Centre, nominally controlled by the young "progressives" of the Resistance, but ultimately dependent on a profoundly conservative electorate, has been a powerful factor in the immobility of contemporary France. Dr. Lüthy rightly points out that this new Centre only came into being with the decline of anti-clericalism, and he deplores the threatened resurgence of the schools issue. In practice, however, anti-clericalism provides the only available terms of reference within which a French two-party system can evolve. The Communist-Socialist-Radical axis is still the only hope.

One final criticism: Dr. Lüthy consistently underestimates the importance of the individual in French politics—for the very good reason that it is precisely in this field that his judgment is least sure. He misunderstands M. Bidault because he fails to grasp the most important element in his psychology: vanity. M. Schuman's compromises he ascribes to "moderation," whereas in fact they sprang from weakness. Worse still, the grotesque M. Laniel, perhaps the most reprehensible of all France's post-war politicians, is described as a "superb embodiment of the virtues and cautiousness of the 'real' France." Not surprisingly, Dr. Lüthy fails to understand both M. Sartre and his friends (his book was written, unfortunately, before the publication of Simone de Beauvoir's *Les Mandarins*, that brilliant and indispensable key to the obscurities of the post-war French Left), and M. Mendès-France. The Mendès-France revolution was essentially the work of a single dynamic personality—"one man against six hundred"—and not, as Dr. Lüthy implies, the coming to power of "a group of national reformers."

Since the bulk of Dr. Lüthy's book was completed, Indo-China has been lost, the Cold War has ended, and France has begun to reap the fruits of her first period of monetary stability for a generation. The end of inflation has set in motion an irresistible process which is systematically destroying France's surplus middlemen. Moreover, the gigantic post-war rise in the French birthrate will, by 1970, not only make France the "youngest" nation in Europe, but will provide her, for the first time in her history, with an industrial working-class big enough to elect a majority party. Hence, within a comparatively few years, the basic pessimism of Dr. Lüthy's analysis may seem unjustified. France may yet succeed in squaring the circle again.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

Zest for Life. By EMILE ZOLA. Translated by JEAN STEWART. *Elek.* 15*s.*

The Lamb. By FRANCOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Adventures in the Skin Trade. By DYLAN THOMAS. *Putnam.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Victorians still have much to answer for. Present-day fiction remains so afraid of the sin of verbosity—with the exception of wordy epics extolling the war-time Silent Service—that it attempts to display life through one-dimensional cut-outs. Shift your view-point, watch the characters from the wings, and they cease to exist. The narrative, it is true, wings its way clearly and directly to its target; its sleek, sharp, thrusting, almost impersonal form, has been fined down until we appreciate it without admiring it.

The thought comes this week with the publication of Emile Zola's *Zest for Life* (*La Joie de Vivre*). Though lacking a shaft-like continuity—here and there the narrative certainly groans under its load of purple passages—undue turgidity is, for once, avoided. And anyway this fault is always amply set off, by the vigour, variety, and truthfulness to nature (in a Victorian phrase) of the progeny found in nineteenth-century novels. These characters, beside the anæmic wraith-like creatures, mirrored at us today, had the roaring, tearing, hot-blooded vigour of forty-niners on the Yukon gold trails. And Zola, whatever faults his naturalistic manner led him into, has these gifts in abundance. His people teem with life; they kick, thresh about, pursue, and love, each other. It's like having a bonito in the goldfish bowl.

Essentially the story is simple. The Chanteaus, impoverished, take into their charge a rich young cousin. They have acted from genuine charity. All Pauline's accounts are kept meticulously enough to satisfy a modern income-tax inspector, and the money, despite bankruptcy, is untouched. Soon, though, Lazare, the gay, feckless nineteen-year-old son, having tried music and medicine, has a brilliant notion for making a fortune from seaweed. Capital is, naturally, needed and where else—? Pauline, after a moment's avaricious thought—a most effective and astringent touch—gives it willingly. The fortune is depleted. Mme Chanteau becomes less formal in her borrowings. She decides, moreover, to marry Pauline, who adores him, to her son. But her being in the girl's debt, in a wonderfully human way, embitters her, and she engineers a better match for Lazare. Ironically it is Pauline, in her sometimes insufferable goodness, who has to persuade Lazare to marry the innocent Louise.

The whole tragedy is most delicately tuned; the changes of feeling skilfully plotted and introduced and subtly worked up to their climaxes until you find it hard to tell precisely where a mood changed or why. No one is permitted a monopoly of any human characteristics. Spasms of selfishness, sorrow for another's ailment, followed at once by ungovernable impatience that it should occur *now*, jealousy, generosity, sharp-tonguedness, and kindliness, flow from the characters naturally, welling up, overlapping, clashing with each other; and knowledge of everyday life gives to Zola's people a completeness that a monocular view does not present. Thus:

> She had come to depend on the writing-desk drawer [where Pauline's money is]; she had acquired the habit, and now she was its unresisting prey. And yet, while her obsession drew her constantly to the desk, she never failed to be irritated

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HAMISH HAMILTON

by the slight squeak it gave when she lowered the lid. What an awful old desk!

The emphasis on the desk's fallibility sets the seal of probability securely on the scene.

M. Mauriac has no time, or space, for such inessentials. And, besides, things are not seen by him in this diffuse, many-sided light, nor by his characters. His hero, Xavier, can reflect of his medical rejection for the first war, "He had been merely set aside so that he might be the victim of a different sacrifice; of that he was sure." Xavier is on his way to become a priest. He observes a young man in his carriage making an ill parting from his wife. The young man blackmails Xavier into returning with him to his country home on the grounds that for Xavier to refuse would deprive his wife of her last chance. But his downfall dates not from that moment, but seemingly from all eternity. M. Mauriac disseminates a pretty puritanical stream of Catholicism in which a brand of predestination—"Nor was it chance which saw to it that he should cross their destined path, should play a part in *their* future"—rears its ugly head. All Catholics, surely, would not preach or accept so unyielding a doctrine, implying as it does an Iron Curtain ballot with the winners already picked. They and others might prefer a more pragmatic point of view. If a certain arbitrariness is felt at the book's close, the taut and chill classical prose sweeps the story forward with an unhurried relentlessness that brushes argument aside in its passage.

No predestination for Dylan Thomas. These sketches are the first chapters of a novel never completed, although never abandoned. It is uneven in style, chameleon and jazzed, but is a pure joy, a Thurber fantasy of domestic life. The narrator meets Mr. Allingham who takes him to his rooms where the furniture is piled high, piece upon piece—"I can touch the ceiling when I wake." Visitors arriving take sudden dives and disappear "between two columns of chairs." Conversation is carried on with the participants invisible to each other and Mr. Allingham gets lost when a curtain falls on him. Sam asks:

"Aren't you frightened of things falling? Look at that rocking chair. One little prod and over she comes."

"Don't you dare. Of course I'm frightened," said Mr. Allingham, "If you open a drawer over there, a wash-stand falls down over here. You've got to be quick as a snake."

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

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—*John Connell, Time & Tide.*
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PUTNAM

Everything Too Much

In Memoriam James Joyce: A Vision of World Language. By HUGH MACDIARMID. *William MacLellan, Glasgow.* 21*s.*

Mr. MacDiarmid (one's first impatient judgment is likely to be) has been at a great feast of languages and come home with the scraps on his waistcoat. This is a poem *about* language, about the idea of a world language, a fusion and interflow of all languages—the loose blank verse in which it is written easily incorporates long broken-up quotations from writers like I. A. Richards—and one depressing thing is that writers carried away by such ideas (Joyce, I suppose, was an exception, but Pound is not) always seem to have got so many of their details wrong. Here are two lines from near the end of this very long, rambling meditative poem:

. . . what is the word
They have in Peru for *adios*!—*Chau*, that's it.
Well, Chau for now.

I know nothing about surviving Indian languages, but there are large Italian colonies all over Latin America, and I am willing to bet that the word Mr. MacDiarmid has in mind is "*Ciao*!" Nearer the very end there is something worse:

And in Guatemala they use "*vos*" instead of "*tu*"
As they would say "*che*" in Argentina.

The Spanish second person plural is not "*vos*" but "*vosotros*": "*che*" is not a Spanish word, it is the Italian connective "that," of which the Spanish spelling is "*que*," and it could in no conceivable circumstances be substituted for "*usted*" or "*ustedes*." The "cultural rock-jumping style" is on the whole out of fashion. Thus, one's first hostile impression of this poem is likely to be, "Here is a ragbag of linguistic information, much of it, where I can check on it, inaccurate." One's hostility is likely to be intensified by Mr. MacDiarmid's literary manners, or lack of them; he is cantankerous and arrogant to the last degree. Yet it would be a great error to dismiss this book as a mere aberration of an elderly poet whose early formal verse in Scots ranks, already, as classical.

Consider, for instance, such a passage as this, which I have vastly improved but not, I think, totally transformed by cutting it drastically:

I do not agree that contempt of the simple-minded
Is a limitation that is destructive
Of any poise of the spirit.
Self learns that others in their vileness . . .
Are not subjects of persuasion and alms
But are the appointed task
By which self is to achieve its destiny.
Is this a claim on the part of the self
Of my self—to feel superior to other selves?
. . . Well. We have no means
Of deciding whether others *are* selves
And, if they are, the sort
That consists with the self-universal.

There is no obvious art in such a passage; the drab Scots voice plods determinedly from one argumentative position to another; there is no lyric flight, no dramatic concentration; yet there is something that one respects, a flat honesty of tone, a muscular grappling with an obscure metaphysical situation, felt not as a verbal puzzle, but as something enormously, unavoidably real. I dislike the philosophy which these lines seem to sketch out; is this a kind of Nietzschean solipsism, or a vision of a spiritual hierarchy of tormentors, like Mr. C. S. Lewis's idea of Hell? But I also recognise a philosophic mind of unusual passion and power. The passages, in this poem, in which that mind attains expression alternate with passages that might have been written by a self-educated crank who had read, and failed to digest, too many stiff books from the local Carnegie Library.

Yet Mr. MacDiarmid is probably the best poet, in the strictly Scots tradition, since Burns; if he has deserted that tradition, has become a kind of agonised existentialist sage (in Marxist fancy dress) talking at endless length to himself rather than others in hodden-grey blank verse, the fault is Scotland's. England, which he hates, could have given him an ambience—a republic of letters to be a citizen of—as Scotland has failed to do. I hope people buy this book and read it. All who have experienced extreme isolation, or ultimate metaphysical doubt, will find passages that make it clear that, where they have been, Mr. MacDiarmid has been too.

G. S. FRASER

More Menfish

Free Diving. By DIMITRI REBIKOFF. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25*s.*

Undersea Hunting for Inexperienced Englishmen. By JAMES ALDRIDGE. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

M. Rebikoff is a technician and a theorist. These words, so much abused by those who feel that science is dangerous and technicalities best ignored, are not meant derogatorily. He is a superlative technician and a very salutary theorist. By profession he is a photographer, a pioneer in the difficult technique of underwater colour photography. He began with a specially designed electronic flash-lamp, and now he even has a torpedo-propelled flood-lamp which tows him and his ciné-camera about the sea-bed, illuminating the landscape as he films it. His manual on free diving, which shows the same technical pertinacity and grasp of theory, has at last been translated from French.

Cousteau has described what aqualung diving is and how it began, Diolé has imagined what it might be. Rebikoff's involved and enthusiastic book explains how diving works, and its especial value is that it also explains why. The practical man—and most British divers are practical men—says "No, you can't do that," or "We never do it that way," and the enterprising newcomer is baffled and wants to know why he shouldn't. Rebikoff sets out with calculations in atmospheres and cubic metres to establish the principles of the diving gear and of the submerged human body. This doesn't make easy reading—and the translation is none too graceful—but the diver who has understood the theory and knows why, for instance, things look larger under water than they really are, why blood sometimes appears to be green, or why his air supply lasts less time at greater depths, is far better equipped than the man who has merely memorised a table of do's and don'ts. Rebikoff is naturally very sound on photography, and he has little to learn about diving in the Mediterranean, but he has never dived in Britain. And where he has no experience—for instance in salvaging wrecks—even his theory begins to falter.

Mr. Aldridge writes down to his inexperienced Englishmen, though not from any great height. He is concerned only with spear-fishing in the Mediterranean, for he has not dived in British waters and has been curiously misinformed about what goes on there. He is a practical man and knows what kind of harpoon he likes. He knows how to look after his gear, how to find his fish, hunt and kill them, and he tells it all sensibly and usefully. His advice on cookery is admirable. But he has little new that Englishmen, however inexperienced, could not have learnt from Ivanovic, Gorsky or Doukan, and he makes several elementary mistakes which could have been corrected if he had read *Free Diving*. A little theory would have done no harm.

RICHARD GARNETT

Shorter Reviews

Gibraltar. By José Plá. *Hollis & Carter.* 16*s.*

Senor Plá is a professional anglophobe. For 150 pages he storms and fulminates against Britain who, believe it or not, he refers to as "Perfidious Albion." For hundreds of years, he claims, the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay have united in a conspiracy to keep Spain weak, in order the better to pursue their imperialistic designs; and Gibraltar is the symbol of the conspiracy's success. The fortress should therefore be returned to Spain at once; in exchange, Britain might possibly be offered facilities in the small port of Ceuta, in nearby Spanish Morocco, for a large annual rent. Nowhere in his book does he discuss the practical problems involved: the economic future of the 7,000 Spanish workers employed in the British naval dockyard, the question of compensation for the immensely valuable commercial and military installations and, above all, the feelings of Gibraltar's 30,000 inhabitants, who are mainly of Maltese or Italian origin and have not the slightest intention of relinquishing their British passports. He is, however, clearly aware of this last point; hence his dislike for the Gibraltarians who, he says, are anti-Semitic, drink heavily and are at the root of all the banditry in Andalusia.

A second alternative is suggested by Sir Charles Petrie in his somewhat melancholy introduction: Gibraltar should be handed back to the Spanish and then "leased" to the British in exactly the same way as the American air bases in Spain. This solution might conceivably be acceptable to the British, but it is quite clear from Senor Plá's narrative that Spain would never consider such an idea; and, again, it ignores the feelings of Gibraltar's citizens. Curiously enough, both writers fail to mention a third possibility, which has a much greater chance of being accepted; the transformation of Gibraltar into a free port. However, such discussions are largely academic, and there is little doubt that the British will remain in the Fortress for many years to come. As usual, Sir Winston Churchill provides the clearest and briefest summary of the problem. "I am sure," he wrote to Sir Anthony Eden in June, 1940, "that we shall gain nothing by offering to 'discuss' Gibraltar at the end of the war. Spaniards will know that, if we win, discussions would not be fruitful; and if we lose they would not be necessary." Fortunately for Gibraltar, Britain won.

Golden Interlude: The Edens in India 1836-1842. By Janet Dunbar. *Murray.* 18*s.*

In 1835 George Eden, the second Lord Auckland—a nominee of the new Whig Government under Melbourne—was appointed Governor-General of India; with him went his two youngest sisters Emily and Frances, who for some years had shared his home. A "personal" account of their sojourn, first published some eighty years ago, already exists in Emily Eden's letters. Using these and other documents, together with some fresh unpublished letters written by the younger sister Fanny, Mrs. Dunbar has now retold the story of those six extraordinary years. But she has chosen the peculiar method of reporting the letters, rendering the chatty phrases into a running *oratio obliqua*, without even making it clear when the observations are Emily's, Fanny's or her own. Except when an actual quotation is used, one might be reading through wool.

Nevertheless, this is a fascinating document of early-Victorian England-in-India just before the railway age, when eight months could elapse between the sending of a despatch about policy and receiving an answer; when, on the great diplomatic errand (which had such unfortunate results) to the chiefs of the north-west, the whole cumbrous journey had to be made by road—a travelling citadel. And if the foreground is largely concerned with the problems of clothes, pets and health. The background is usually pure Arabian Nights: jewels like rocs' eggs; white horses dyed scarlet; famine; cringing; indescribable barbarities. In that fabulous and glittering nightmare of a country, the greater the ceremony the worse were the manners, whether of English to Indian, of Indian to inferior Indian, or of all natives to all native women. Auckland, best known today for his mistakes—chiefly the disastrous First Afghan War—emerges as a man not clever but earnest and well-meaning, with a taste for social reform. Of the two sisters, Fanny, it may be seen from this book, was by far the livelier and more adaptable. Her comments—on the slaughter, say, of wild animals, or on the absurdity of teaching the skilled Gurkha warriors the dulling English methods of soldiering—are so sane (and sympathetic) as to appear almost eccentric in the wild and crazy conventions of their setting.

Homosexuality. By D. J. West. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

Few books on homosexuality, including those written by medical men, are so refreshingly cool-headed and objective as this one. Dr. West declares in his preface that he is seeking to make a sober presentation of the available facts and to discuss them calmly in the light of common sense and modern knowledge, and, marvellous to narrate, this is precisely what he manages to do. Although he is writing for the general public and not for medical men, the latter, who are usually very badly informed on this particular subject, will gain a great deal from reading his book, and should they want to go any further, they will find at the end of it an excellent bibliography to act as a guide to further reading.

Like all medical men who have investigated the subject of homosexuality carefully and dispassionately, Dr. West is of the opinion that the removal of the present legal "penalty" for sexual acts between consenting adults would go a long way towards the abolition of a particularly nasty form of blackmail and intimidation, and would help to remove a heavy burden of fear and resentment from the minds of a considerable section of the community. In the reviewer's opinion, this book provides both the general reader and the doctor with the best summary of modern knowledge on the subject of homosexuality that has yet appeared.

Between Two Empires: A History of French Politicians and People between 1814 and 1848. By M. D. R Leys. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Contemporary France begins, strangely enough, with the restoration of Louis XVIII in 1814. The Revolution and the Empire were too grand for real life; then gods walked the earth. But with the restored Bourbons we discover everything that has marked French politics and French society to the present day—unstable ministries, unbalanced budgets, a political Church and anti-clerical politicians, a game of unparalleled skill and complexity which can never, it seems, reach an ending. Add to these the scandals. We do not need to wait until Dreyfus or Stavisky. Constitutional monarchy started in France with Didier's conspiracy and ended with the Duc de Praslin, both unimaginable in any other country, both pure gold. Everyone argued politics, abused the politicians, recorded their memoirs. Socialism was invented; the social pattern laid down from which Marx drew his most revolutionary conclusions. The writers were of incomparable brilliance—Stendhal, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Victor Hugo. Yet the real happenings often surpassed their most romantic imagination. Though no doubt not the most important period of French history, it is of all the most fascinating and entertaining. A dull book about France of the Restoration and Louis Philippe seems impossible. Miss Leys has managed to write it.

Subject-Index of the London Library. Vol. 4, 1938-1953. Obtainable only from Quaritch. £9 9*s.*

The best of libraries is useless without adequate catalogues and indexes, and the larger the library the more vital they become. But also, of course, the more complex and the more difficult to keep up to date. No doubt it is easier than it was: a by-product of modern commercial organisation, the card-index is a boon to librarians and users of libraries alike. Yet even the card-index is only a substitute for the real thing, which is the printed catalogue the ardent library-user may keep at home to consult at home. Here, then, is the fourth volume of the *Subject-Index of the London Library*, recording the categorised lists of additions to the Library made between 1938 and 1953. It is, as Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith, the Librarian, states in his preface, the work of many hands. In general, and very properly since the new volume is scarcely likely to be used by anyone in isolation from the earlier volumes, the scheme of the present work pretty closely follows its forerunners. From a necessarily cursory sampling, since it is only constant use that reveals the strengths and weaknesses of an index, it seems as foolproof as it could reasonably be expected to be—and there are times when even the most hardened user of catalogues realises that foolishness, however momentarily, has stepped in.

The cataloguer's is one of the subtlest of the arts, and one of which the nice distinction is the *sine qua non*. To the indexer, as to those who rely on him, cross-reference, which might be described as the statement of clarified doubt, is everything. How, for instance, do you place W. H. Auden's *The Enchafed Flood?* The *Subject-Index* has at least three answers: under Romanticism, Literary Symbolism, and the Sea. Well, possession of this volume—all 801 three-columned pages of it—will make the London Library even more valuable to those of us who belong to it than it has been before, and it puts it still more deeply in its debt.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,333

Set by Guy Walsingham

There have been reports of council tenants in a new block of flats (on the site of a former convent) protesting about the activities of a ghost. The council may be expected to advertise for a Phantom Operative to deal with this menace as efficiently as a Rodent Operative deals with vermin; and the usual prizes are offered for the most convincing application for this post. Limit, 120 words; entries by September 20.

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THE TIMES
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Result of No. 1,330

Set by Lorry Tuck

Readers of the *Satyricon* will remember the fabulous banquet given by Trimalchio. The usual prizes are offered for an eye-witness description of an equally ostentatious evening spent with a contemporary tycoon.

Report

"Dinners *chez Magny*, evenings at Holland House." Obviously anything as simple as Palinurus's day dream was out of the question. Yet, as admirers of Petronius's great book will remember, Trimalchio had his rhetoricians as well as his bordellos and I had secretly hoped for something as ostentatious as an evening with Lady Docker combined with the mental pabulum of a vintage Huxley (a '34 or even a '21 "peeping over the brim."). High-tea with Mr. Bevan ("Porcupine") would, in any other circumstances, make an exhilarating evening. Here, it was clearly not enough.

Only John Digby succeeded in catching the exact note and he gets three guineas. A guinea and a half to H. A. C. Evans, who gets the odd 10s. 6d. for the sinister and highly Petronian twist in his last sentence; a guinea each to D. H. M. Cook and D. L. L. Clarke; highly commended, R. W. Dicker, L. G. Udall and R. B. Browning.

Croesus used to bring me to Claridge's in the Rolls with the platinum trimmings: Midas dropped me on the roof of his penthouse in a noiseless helicopter. "So glad," he said, inevitably, "to have you descending on us."

He beckoned to a covey of lovelies nestling attitudinously under a five-by-four Picasso. "Seeing we're stag," he explained, "I hi-jacked Dior for the company. Flew them over, this afternoon. Franc for franc," he added, complacently, "the Picasso's peanuts against them."

The cocktails were champagne, and they stretched to four. Dinner, Midas apologised, would be a little, just a little, late. Fog over the Atlantic had delayed the airborne melons he'd ordered from Puerto Rico, that morning. Meanwhile, we had the cocktails, the ladies—and TV the size of CinemaScope. There were no acts, no faces, I knew. "There wouldn't be," Midas gloated. "It's my exclusive. Pre-view of I.T.A. . . ."

JOHN DIGBY

Along the centre of the table rose fountains of wine; the fish appeared arranged on a vast frame in the shape of a whale, wheeled in by footmen dressed in oilskins and sou'westers; the game took the form of a pterodactyl, accompanied by beautiful girls scantily dressed as prehistoric hunters; the meat had been built up to resemble an elephant, attended by a bevy of even more scantily clad young girls got up as pygmies. But the greatest success of the evening came at the end, when a number of closets where wheeled in by youths dressed as Spacemen. The closets turned out to be refrigerators which, when opened, revealed in each one a life-size Venus of ice-cream, tinted like life. There was unbounded enthusiasm and hilarity as each guest chose the portion of the Venus he fancied and the Spaceman cut away the desired portion.

H. A. C. EVANS

Before sitting down to dinner Lord Midas asked us if we would mind the affair being telerecorded. The peons on his South American ranch, he explained, had expressed a wish to see how the best people behaved in Britain. After the make-up girls had finished with me I found myself escorting a lady who described herself laughingly as one of the minor Hapsburgs. Her tame leopard created a minor diversion by wrapping its platinum chain round the legs of the Minister of Aggravation. The face of the chef then appeared on a monitor screen behind Lord Midas's chair as our host pressed the starter button for service.

The room was then plunged into darkness until the rosepink lights under each plate were switched on. Lord Midas apologised for the absence of the Prime Minister. During the bortsch service each guest had a borzoi dog behind his chair, to give atmosphere, but the leopard seemed restive. The *canard pressé* was introduced with a flourish of trumpets, and the soufflé by a short piano solo played by Zimmermann, who appeared with his Bechstein on a turntable that descended from the room above. After the vodka, champagne and brandy I had only a dim recollection of the later proceedings, and when I woke up next morning at a castle in the Carpathians I was deceived at first into thinking I was still in London, for all the morning newspapers of that day were spread out ready for me on the bearskin rug.

D. H. M. COOK

Ushered into cubicles, all sixty guests found trunks (or "two-piece") to their exact measurements, entered, and emerged stickily from, the swimming-pool (filled with Empire sherry) to greet mine host, a large-scale importer. Spun-dry on rotating stools, they now ate *hors-d'oeuvres* near tanks wherein aqua-lung divers speared sole. This pressure-cooked and eaten, the menu, displayed on a screen, gave place to a 3-D film of war-time France. As planes neared the torch-lit dropping area, the screen flashed *Pièce de Résistance* and sixty-one real-life containers parachuted down: waiters, appropriately dressed, produced from each a roast cockerel (in tricolor wrapper), and a bottle of Algerian.

"Our gallant collaborators," boomed mine host, sipping his Vichy water. ("My health . . .").

Whereupon the toastmaster jerked us flurriedly thus far through the toast-list, mine host correcting himself imperturbably to ". . . *their* health."

I slipped away, wondering whether sweet, savoury and coffee were "off," and when, if at all, port (-style?) would go round.

D. L. L. CLARKE

PEOPLE OF THE MIRAGE

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The Chess Board

No. 310 Don't Be Stingy About That QP

Far from advocating prodigality of one's bits and pieces I would rather commend Najdorf's dictum that, within certain limits, he was ever ready to suffer agonies for the gain (or gift) of a pawn. The limits, of course, are imposed by considerations which may prompt us cheerfully to dispense with material gain if there is no other way of restoring the positional equilibrium. In most of the gambits Black will be well advised to appease the wrath of Caissa by a timely counter-sacrifice of his QP, and I haven't forgotten my offer of a special prize for a well concocted game to prove the point. Here it is (submitted by that assiduous collector of ladder-points, A. J. Roycroft).

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(10) Kt-B3	Kt-KB3
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(11) Kt x B	K x B
(3) Kt-KB3	B-K2	(12) B-Kt5	R-KB1
(4) B-B4	B-R5 ch	(13) B x Kt	P x B
(5) P-Kt3	P x P	(14) Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1
(6) O-O	P x P ch	(15) R-Kt1 ch	P x R(Q) ch
(7) K-R1	P-QKt4	(16) R x Q ch	K-R1
(8) B x P ch	K-B1	(17) Kt-Kt6 ch	resigns
(9) P-Q4	B-Kt2		

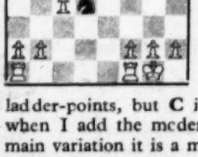
Here—Rasovsky-Mikyska 1908—is a correspondence game to prove the point even more drastically.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) O-O	Kt x Kt
(2) P-Q4	P x P	(10) B x Kt	B x B
(3) P-QB3	P x P	(11) Kt x B	O-O
(4) B-QB4	P x P	(12) Kt-Q5	Q-Q1
(5) QB x P	Kt-KB3	(13) Q-R5	P-QB3
(6) P-K5	B-Kt5 ch	(14) Kt-B6 ch!	P x Kt
(7) Kt-B3	Q-K2	(15) B-Q3	R-K1
(8) KKt-K2	Kt-K5	(16) Q x RP ch	

Here White announced a mate in 8 which readers should easily find for themselves. Finally, Brody-Banya, Budapest 1901, is a game in which Black was too stingy to give up his own QP and too timid to accept the (unsound) sacrifice of a Rook. He neither had his cake nor ate it. See now how neatly he was punished.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) QR-K1	Q-Q5 ch
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(12) K-R1	Kt-Kt3
(3) Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	(13) B-R1	Q-R1
(4) B-B4	P-Kt5	(14) Kt-Q5	B-Kt2
(5) O-O	P x Kt	(15) Q x P!	Kt-B3
(6) Q x P	Q-B3	(16) Q x P ch!	R x Q
(7) P-K5	Q x P	(17) K-R8 ch	Kt-B1
(8) P-QKt3!?	B-R3?	(18) Kt-K7 ch	Kt x Kt
(9) Kt-B3	Kt-K2	(19) B x R mate	
(10) B-Kt2	O-O		

A: B. Richter 1883



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White thought to have it all neatly sealed up and in the bag. How was he disillusioned and forced to resign? The victim, incidentally, was none other than young (not yet Dr.) Tarrasch. **B**—White to win—is an instructive little study, easy enough for 6 ladder-points, but **C** is hardly a bargain at 7, even when I add the moderately helpful hint that in the main variation it is a mate in 10.

B: H. Weenink 1918

C: W. A. Korolkov 1935

Usual prizes. Entries by September 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 307. Set August 20

A: (1) Q x P, ch, Q x Q; (2) Kt-B7 mate.
B: (1) R-KKt8 ch, K-R5; (2) B-Kt5 ch, K-Kt5; (3) Kt-Kt1 ch, Kt x B; (4) B-K3 ch, K-R5; (5) B-B2 ch, Kt x B mate.
C: (1) P-Kt7!, B x P; (2) P-Kt3!, P queens; (3) B-B3, P-Kt4; (4) P-B5, P-QR5; (5) P-Kt4, P-K5; (6) B x KP, etc.
if (2) . . . P-K5; (3) B x P, P queens; (4) B-Kt4, etc.

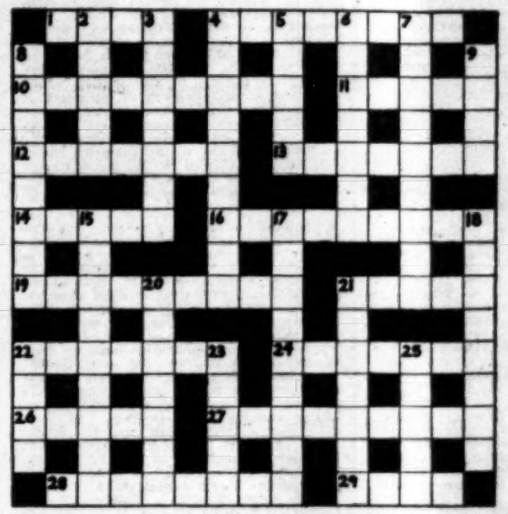
An easy lot and dozens of correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, M. G. Harman (junior), A. E. Harris, M. C. Killcross, J. Mitchell, J. M. Reid.

In the 22nd ladder decade D. E. Cohen 1st with 891 points totted up since he started from scratch after the 18th decade last October. 2nd prize to C. H. Brown (768) who was among the 16th decade winners in April 1954, 3rd to J. R. Harman (753) who, like Cohen, was one of the 18th decade winners, and fourth to F. R. Oliver (739).

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 169

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 169, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 20.



ACROSS

1. Love a row as the Thunderer's father (4).
4. The optimist with a shine on the kitchen utensil (8).
10. What Mr. Weller said poetry was (9).
11. Goes in groups (5).
12. Player who has his part rewritten (7).
13. Torrent retreating once more before the sun (7).
14. A sound smack (5).
16. Flowers which finally diffuse a smell about me (9).
19. Drinks with a big kick in them? (9).
21. Star which may be seen in a wide nebula (5).
22. Place in Italy in which I appear in tangled braces (7).
24. Resentment travelled quickly with most of the palace clique (7).
26. Seat with a kind of stuffing in the back (5).
27. The lassie curled up in the embrace of a man in disguise is Claudius' wife (9).
28. Station at which times run chaotically (8).
29. Eager to wail (4).

DOWN

2. The fellow with gold is a benefactor (5).
3. Getting a clear profit from fishing (7).
4. In the ruin of capital inland revenue is predatory (9).
5. May be found in many London shops (5).
6. Though the ears are painful, this may enable one to go in the wind (7).
7. "Life is a Permanent Possibility of ———" (Stevenson) (9).
8. The bird has to produce chicks under an upturned cask (8).
9. Where the pampered jades come from (4).
15. B.B.C. adapter concerned with the attendance total (9).
17. Suspects moisture causes corrosion (9).
18. For the Russian a traitor is surrounded by evil (8).
20. Fabric made from two animals (7).
21. Country with a study to study (7).
22. Sign for a brook (4).
23. Lords' god (5).
25. Think there is good in a person (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 167

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 167

D. B. Binns (Newcastle, Staffs), Miss Susie Davis (London, S.E. 10), H. S. McColl (Irby).

PERSONAL

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2 SEATS in car going Spain Sept. 29, return Oct. 15. Share expenses. Johnson, Gt. Wilbraham, Cambs.

FRENCH fam., Vierzon, 2 child. req. mother's help mid. Sept. Box 9572.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

TYPEWRITER Good Companion portable, as new, list price £27. For sale 19*gns.* Phone FORest Hill 1374.

YOUNG man sks. another 26-32 for Cont. holiday first fmt. in Oct. Box 9563.

SPEAK French, Conversation Courses (all grades), Discussion Groups at The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road. Office open 1-9 p.m. TRAfalgar 2044.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

EXPD. teacher of English (ex-British Council) takes foreign pupils individually or in class, Bournemouth area. Box 9338.

AUTHORESS and lit. critic, 1st class refs. for collaboration with foreign authors writing in English, can take some further work. Oxford, London, or by correspondence. Box 9560.

FURNISHED room Hampstead flat offered congenial responsible woman or couple in return some housekeeping. Mal. 8259 after 7, or write Box 9545.

ROOM, board, small payment offered in exchange part-time help weekdays. Suit student. MAI. 8943.

FURN. s/c. 2-rm. ground-fl. flat, all convs., share large cottage garden in lovely Midland village for minimal daytime care son 9 of prof. woman small part of holidays and occasionally term-time. Box 9516.

PERSONAL—continued

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Opthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

WE pay good prices for TV screenplays and for TV rights of synopses and stories. Philip Hobsbaum, M.C.A. (England), Ltd., 139 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

TYPEWRITERS, Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing help their children with the State Examination. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.51.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

PROFESSIONAL Training in Motion Picture and Animated Film Production. Enrol now for new term. Heatherley Film Training Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

JOIN Now. Entrance fee waived until Sept. 15. Subscription 2*gns.* Special terms for married couples, country residence and students. Apply Mem. Sec., Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

A PART-Time occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

AUSTRIAN teaches German, Holborn area, evenings. Box 9559.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d.* for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

DANCE & Mime: Sept. 23-25 at Braziers, Ipsden Oxon. Checkendon 221. "Pottery Course," Sept. 30 Week-end; also "Earth and Spirit" (Dr. C. A. Mier).

ORIGINAL Indonesian drawings of Bali dancers, 6-7½*gns.* framed. KNI. 4982.

SOCIETY of Brothers needs helpers to finish building project begun by International Workcamp at farm community. Board and pocket money provided. Apply Society of Brothers, Bromdon, Bridgnorth, Shropshire. (Stoke-St-Milboro 204.)

IS it your son or daughter's birthday today? If so, will you help to make it a happier birthday for some less fortunate little boy or girl by sending a donation to the N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Square, London.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

PERSONAL—continued

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PARENTS of delicious ingénue left to be photographed by John Vickers, please collect offspring before temptation becomes too great. 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

CONTINENTAL Holiday wear in the Vince style. Shirts, shorts, jeans, swim wear, etc. Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Send for new 1955 illus. catalogue. Open 7 p.m. Thurs. and 3 p.m. Sats.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

ENSEMBLES. Individual clothes for individual children. Formal/informal. Special interest interchangeables for teenagers. Colour designed. CUN. 0193 & HYD. 0084.

INCREASE height 2in with Men's Bildup shoes. 79s. 6*d.* pr. Dets.: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of September "Plebs." "Labour's Fifteen Elections," by J. L. Williams; "American Labour Unites," by Mark Starr; "Norway—A Socialistic State," by Councillor Alex Davis; "Trade Unions in Western Germany," by J. P. M. Millar; "Are Trade Unionists Paying Enough?" by G. A. White; "Inflation the Robber Bandit," by G. A. White; "Gaitskell—What are the Facts?" by Harry Box; "Holiday at School," by Charles Rudkin; "The Tories and the Orange Order," by Andrew Boyd; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6*d.*, by post 7½*d.* or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA Britannica 11th ed. £10. 700 miscellaneous volumes £30 or offer. Would separate. HAM. 1692.

MOUNTAINEERING books (secondhand) bought, sold. New list ready. Chyngton Books, 64 Chyngton Gdns., Seaford, Sussex.

WANTED, Horizons; Criterions; Scrutiny & similar Journals. Fisher & Sperr, 46 Highgate High Street, London, N.6.

MUSIK. Theater. Tanz. Kat. 52 (1300 No.) Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3*d.* yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

"BRITAIN'S Economy and Peace," by R. Palme Dutt, is the leading article in the September Labour Monthly. Also "Forward From Geneva," by Quaestor, and "A Prospect of Portland Place," satiric verses on the B.B.C. by Judith Todd. Order 1s. 6*d.* all newsagents. Pr. 9s. postal subs. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, N.3

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

SCHOOLS

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Founded 1901.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu-Léman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. Holiday course. Winter in the mountains! English refs. Prospectus.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, have three vacancies for Boarders. Aged 4-10 yrs.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR sale at all good grocers—Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney, the sure cure for tired appetites.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2. 'Phones SHOreditch 3889/6046.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HAVE your bedding remade by Heals whilst on holiday. 14-day service. Write for Remake Bedding Folder. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertex, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

GENTLEMEN. Don't Buy. Have your shirts repaired as new. Moderate charges. New double cuffs 5s. 9*d.* New Collar 6s. 6*d.* Work of highest standard. Post Shirt(s) for free Estimate or send for full Price List to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W., Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

A SOUND investment for any larder—Rayner's savoury Indian Mango Chutney. Available from all good grocers.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Director of External Studies. The position carries with it the status and salary of a Professor. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,000 per annum and will be subject to deductions under the New South Wales Superannuation Act. The Director will be responsible for the administrative direction of the Department of External Studies. He will be expected to co-ordinate the activities of the teaching departments concerned with correspondence courses and to undertake such other duties as the Council of the University may reasonably require. Finance is available for home building under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 10, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Medicine. The salary of the appointee will be £A4,000 per annum to which will apply the retirement provisions of the Professorial Superannuation Scheme. In addition, there will be a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 31, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Education. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,000 per annum. There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 31, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Surgery. The salary of the appointee will be £A4,000 per annum to which will apply the retirement provisions of the Professorial Superannuation Scheme. In addition, there will be a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 31, 1955.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). The College Council invites application for a Chair of Town Planning, the first such Chair to be established in New Zealand. The salary attaching to the position is £1,792 8s per annum. Salaries of Professors and other teaching staff in New Zealand are at present under review. The Professor will be expected to take up his duties on a date in 1956 to be arranged with the College Council. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is November 15, 1955.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited, Education Department. Under a Five-Year Plan of experimental work an appointment is to be made of a Tutor-Organiser in Adult Education to initiate and help conduct pilot experiments in selected areas throughout the country. While the scope will include Co-operative and social studies, the special emphasis will be on consumer education—i.e., in helping the consumers to exercise their choices with discrimination. Applications are especially invited from women who are interested and qualified in consumer education. Commencing salary within the range of £550 × £25 × £700. Further details (with application forms to be returned by September 22, 1955) may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Staff Tutor in the Department of Tutorial Classes, University of Sydney. Applicants should be graduates, preferably in Arts or Economics, of a recognised University. Preference will be given to applicants experienced in experimental work in parent education and with women's groups. Commencing salary is £A1,200 per annum rising by annual increments of £A80 to £A1,750 per annum and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is October 8.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Librarian in the Library. Salary on scale £1,700 × 75—£1,850 p.a. or £1,300 × 50—£1,650 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Appointment for three years in first instance. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (Maximum £150 p.a.) for children resident in Nigeria or £100 p.a. per child (maximum £300 p.a.) for children resident elsewhere. Part furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.7% of salary. Passages paid for member of staff, wife and children (under 11 years) on appointment, overseas leave and termination. F.S.S.U. Outfit allowance £60 on appointment. Applications (10 copies) stating age, full qualifications and experience, and naming three referees, to be received by September 30, 1955, by Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further partics. obtainable.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the following appointment tenable with effect from October 1, 1955, in the Department of Phonetics and Linguistics. Candidates must be graduates under 30 years of age, with high honours in Classics, Philosophy, English or Modern Languages. Applications may be submitted by students graduating at the end of the present session. Lectureship in Linguistics. Candidates must submit evidence of ability and aptitude for academic work in general linguistics, including phonetics. The successful candidate will be required to undergo training especially in phonetics and the theory and practice of linguistic analysis. Salary in accordance with experience and qualifications on the scale £700 × £50 – £1,000, with family allowances if eligible and compulsory membership of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Applications on forms obtainable from the Secretary must be submitted by September 17, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmaster, New County Secondary School for boys at Dacres Road, Lewisham, S.E.23. Headmaster: Mr. A. E. Howard, B.Sc. A new secondary school for about 1,320 boys, to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance at present £250 a year but likely to be appreciably increased. Various courses will be provided; some to lead to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and some to prepare for advanced studies in commerce and building. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Dacres) to be obtained from, and returned to, the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by September 23. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (1455)

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Full-time Club Leaders. Applications are invited from suitably qualified Men or Women for the post of full-time Leader for each of three open Mixed Youth Clubs as under:—(a) Farnham Youth Club, Farnham—a new Club to be opened as soon as possible. (b) Kingston Youth Club, Kingston-on-Thames—a new Club to be opened as soon as possible. (c) The Emu Club, Wimbledon—a mixed Club of long standing. All three Clubs have their own premises. A recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training in Youth Leadership is desirable, but practical experience of mixed youth club work is essential. Salary—Men: £425 × £25—£600 p.a. Women: £390 × £20 – £550 p.a., plus London Allowance where applicable. Starting salary according to qualifications and/or experience. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, to be returned within fourteen days of appearance of this advertisement.

EDITORIAL assistant urgently needed for medical journal. Experience of editing and/or proof-reading and accurate typing essential. Knowledge of medical terms advantage. Send full details and state salary required. Box 9548.

OLD-ESTABLISHED Publishers require sec. shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 9625.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire: Investigator. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Headquarters at Aberystwyth but duties entail travel in Wales and Monmouthshire. Age at least 21 on August 1, 1955. Candidates should normally have 1st or 2nd class honours degree, but may be considered if otherwise exceptionally well qualified. Knowledge of the history of Architecture or of Applied Art, or of the Archæology of Britain, essential. Ability to speak Welsh an advantage. Salary £488-£885 (men), £488-£801 (women). Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Starting pay increased for compulsory Forces service and approved post graduate experience. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4501/55. Completed application forms must be returned by Sept. 29, 1955.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies for Statisticians. Central African Statistical Office: Ministry of Finance. Applicants must be British subjects, under 30, with a First or Second Class Hons. Degree (or equivalent) in Statistics, Mathematics, Economics, or other appropriate subject or with examinations of approved statistical society. Starting salary (men): £800-£1,100, depending on qualifications and experience, on scale rising to £1,600. Recognition may be given in certain cases to National Service. Women: £680-£840, depending on qualifications and experience, on scale rising to £1,280 p.a. Application forms and further details from the Secretary, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date September 23.

TREASURY: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for (a) at least one post of Senior Economic Adviser, (b) one post of Economic Adviser, and (c) one post of Economic Assistant. The appointments are initially for five years (or less by arrangement). Age on September 1, 1955: posts (a) and (b) at least 30; post (c) at least 22 and preferably under 30. Candidates must have at least a Second Class Honours degree in Economics or a related subject. For posts (a) and (b) experience in teaching Economics or in an economic advisory capacity is expected. Salary (according to age and experience): post (a) £1,700-£2,200 (men), £1,620-£2,050 (women); post (b) £1,279-£1,620 (men), £1,163-£1,566 (women); post (c) £531-£955 (men), £531-£842 (women). F.S.S.U. applies. Particulars and application form from Sec., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4500/55. Completed appl. forms must be returned by Sept. 27.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Birmingham to assist in preparation of News Bulletins, etc., under supervision of Regional News Editor. He will be specially concerned with production of Topicality items for Magazine programmes and must contribute and investigate ideas and share in work of briefing interviewers, rehearsing speakers, and organising facilities. Sound journalistic experience and good microphone voice essential. Knowledge of and keen interest in Midlands and Midlanders desirable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1211, N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Planning Assistant (Technical), Television News, to be responsible, under Television News Organiser, for detailed technical organisation of film coverage of news events and occasions for Television News Programmes. Requirements include experience in newsreel work with 35mm and 16mm cameras, familiarity with preview and contact procedure, ability to prepare detailed technical assignment notes for cameramen, in accordance with editorial requirements. Duties may include some supervision over staff and equipment. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "12.30, N. Stm." should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

PLANT Engineers. Mullard Ltd., invite applications from qualified and experienced engineers to take charge of the Plant Departments of certain new factories. Each factory Plant Department has its own divisions for building, electrical and mechanical work. The Engineer in charge is responsible for the maintenance of most production machinery and for all services including boiler house, heating, lighting, ventilation and pumping; also for plant installation and provision of supplementary services. The posts involve supervising considerable maintenance staff, through divisional heads and charge hands. Minimum qualification: Higher National Certificate, preferably in Mechanical Engineering. Candidates should be at about 35 years of age or above. Experience in a similar post in industry regarded as essential. The starting salary will be not less than £1,000. Applications should be sent in writing giving full details of past experience to the Chief Personnel Officer, Mullard, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked P.E./2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OLIVETTI—Italy. Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A. of Ivrea, Italy, have vacancies at their research and development laboratories in Italy for qualified engineers with full experience in digital computers. Candidates, aged up to 40, must have a solid scientific and technical background and be keenly interested in all matters relating to electronic calculators. They should be capable of taking an active and creative part in the design of control units for data processing computers. In arriving at the starting salary, consideration will be given to experience in this specialised field and to previous career. Renewable two-year contracts are offered. Write, giving full details of education and previous experience, to the Personnel Manager, Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A., Ivrea, Italy. Replies should reach the advertiser not later than September 30 and will be dealt with by October 15.

METEOROLOGICAL Office. Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1955) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries £513—£925 (London rates for men; somewhat lower in the provinces). Women's scales are somewhat lower than men's but subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,070—£1,245), and higher posts. Application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/55. (Met.)

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 21 years of age. Candidates under 30 who do not possess a university diploma in social studies or its equivalent will normally be required to undertake a University Course as part of their training. Candidates over 30 who have had practical experience in social work can be accepted for shorter training lasting about a year. Particulars of salaries payable during training and forms of application may be had from Sec., Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

HEATING Engineer. Philips Electrical Industries Ltd., have a vacancy for a fully qualified and experienced Heating and Ventilating Engineer for their Central Plant Engineering Department. The company is expanding rapidly and new establishments are being planned which will incorporate the most up-to-date techniques in the construction, heating, lighting, and ventilation. The vacancy in the Central Plant Engineering Department is for a Heating and Ventilating Engineer to prepare comprehensive heating and ventilating schemes for these new establishments. Candidates should have at least a Higher National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering and an approved qualification in Heating and Ventilating Engineering. Experience regarded as essential for this post would include responsibility for design and installation of industrial space heating systems incorporating oil fired equipment and high pressure hot water heat distribution. Candidates should be 35 years of age or more. This vacancy will carry a 4-figure salary. Applicants who have this experience and wish to be considered should write giving full details to the Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked H.E./2.

ROWNTREE & Co., Ltd., have a vacancy for an assistant in the purchasing department at York. The duties are twofold: (1) to follow and attempt to forecast trends of commodity markets; (2) to take certain measures of responsibility for practical buying operations. The post will be in York but there may from time to time be some overseas travel. Suitable applicants would preferably (though not necessarily) possess a degree in economics, and should be between the ages of 23-28. Some mathematical training would be an advantage, and previous commercial experience in the same type of work would also be useful. Men interested in the above particulars are invited to write in confidence, giving full particulars of their career to date, to the Staff Officer (Men), Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York.

GRANADA Television require Executive Manager for their Studios. Age 30-50. Experience in responsible post over large staff in TV., film studios, or stage management is essential. Write, giving details of present and past employment, to: Sidney L. Bernstein, 36 Golden Square, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FIRST-class writer required by national industry to prepare annual reports and other publications. Permanent (and pensionable) post. Please write in confidence to Director of Public Relations, Box 9654.

THE Philips Group of Companies have vacancies for Training Officers. Two training officers are required to start small training departments at a head office establishment and at one of the larger factories. They will be responsible for advising management directly and through training committees on all aspects of training policy including management development, supervisory training, apprenticeship, office and operator training and for seeing that training policy is carried out. Although these are new posts, there is an established pattern of training policies and organisation in the Group and the successful applicants will be expected to work in with these. The Training Officers will report to the Personnel Managers of their establishments. Candidates should have a degree. Industrial experience and/or teaching experience and engineering knowledge would be an advantage, but broad education and wide interests are even more important qualifications. These will be senior posts carrying an appropriate starting salary. Applications should be sent in writing to the Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked T.O./2.

CO-OPERATIVE Youth Organiser to develop leisure-time activities for children and adolescents in a large society. Experience of youth work within the co-operative movement desirable. Salary £500 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form, to be returned by September 14, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

LIVERPOOL Family Service Unit needs secretary (res. or non-res.) take charge office and money raising. Typing essential, book-keeping experience desirable, but personality more important than diplomas. Details 56 Grove Street, Liverpool, 7.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for the Esso Petroleum Company for monthly journal. The appointment would be in London requiring a trained journalist and candidates should be under 30 years of age. There is a contributory pension scheme and a salary will be paid according to qualifications and experience. Please reply giving full details, together with salary required, to Personnel Manager, Employee Relations Dept., 16 Charles II Street, Haymarket, S.W.1.

UNITED Nations Association requires Regional Officer, probably for S.E. counties. £495 x £25 – £645. Speaker, organiser, knowledge internatl. affairs. Form & conditions on receipt of s.a.e. to U.N.A., 25 Charles St., W.1. Last date Sept. 17.

TRADES Union Congress. An Assistant to the Education Department is to be appointed and applications are invited. Salary scale £624-£832 plus cost-of-living bonus. Trade union and adult educational background desired. Further particulars before September 30 from: General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

STATISTICAL Assistant for new Research Department in expanding organisation. Must be responsible and prepared to work at high pressure. Excellent training for executive position. Apply in writing to Box 9617.

U.S.A. Adaptable lady (30-50) reqd. as housekeeper for family (Eng. mother an invalid) for minimum of 1 year. Light nursing and supervision of 2 children (12 & 7). Attract. modern house, well-equipped with labour-saving devices. 1 hour New York in very pleas. residential town. Fares both ways and modest salary. Apply Mrs. Wills, Clevedon, The Avenue, Amersham, Bucks.

EXPERIENCED teacher wanted for one evg. p.w. (2 hours) to teach advanced cookery to small class. Apply Golders Green Kosher Cookery Classes, Golders Green Synagogue, Dunstan Road, N.W.11.

IF your school-leaving daughter "wants to be a journalist" we may be able to offer her a post. Typing necessary. Box 9586.

PLAYWRIGHT needs personal secretary, efficient but not aggressively so. Mornings only. Chelsea. Box 9652 or FLA. 0437.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford Street. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

ADULT Male General Clerk aged 21 to 35 required for general duties in Legal Department of large organisation in Westminster. Knowledge of shorthand and typing an advantage. Commencing salary £8 per week, rising to £9 1s. 4d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 9606

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus. Telephone VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

GERMAN Shorthand-Typist / Secretary, preferably with knowledge of French, and good English, required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. 5-day week. Good salary. Apply Box 9540.

SECRETARY-Assistant wanted for Information Section of a Public Relations organisation. Applicant should be interested in current affairs and the proceedings of Parliament. Box 9604.

LARGE Trade Union in Westminster requires experienced Accident Claims Assistant. Write giving age, particulars of experience, and salary required to Box 9607.

SECRETARY with initiative to help in work for disabled people. Graduate preferred. Good shorthand/typing speeds essential. 'Phone Registrar, EUSton 4037.

TWO Shorthand Typists, one with knowl. German and/or French pref. not essen. Invoice typist with knowl. export invoicing for paper exporters. 5-day wk. MON. 9966.

ASSISTANT (female) wanted for general office work. School-leaver, or older, 5-day week. Prospects. Write or phone (FLE. 7676), Brandis Davis Advertising Agency, Ltd., 231 Strand, W.C.2.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the National Union of Teachers for Shorthand-Typists capable of passing a test of 5 minutes at 100 w.p.m. Pitman's Shorthand. Contributory pension scheme. Facilities for meals. One Saturday free each calendar month. Liberal holidays. Salary £390 to £480. Applications by letter to Deputy Secretary, N.U.T., Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, W.C.1.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY English Hons. graduate, 28, experienced secretarial, editorial work & interviewing, seeks interesting job London or abroad. Very good appearance, competent s/h, typing & plenty of initiative. Main interests—literature, drama & people, but will willingly adapt to anything requiring intelligence & offering scope, reasonable variety & the satisfaction of the worthwhile. Box 9370.

SCOTSMAN (fluent Eng.), 36, Hons. grad. Fr. & Ger., sound knowledge & exp. engineering, elec., radio, cardriving & maint., adaptable, amiable, sks. outlet for energies in really constructive work. Box 9539.

EXPERIENCED & efficient woman (35) seeks post cooking/household duties where her daughter 6 years and son 1 year welc. Surrey, Sussex, Hants pref. Box 9505.

SPANISH lady, 26, qualified teacher, 5 years' exp., requires post in September. Exceptional experience in instruction of Spanish dances. Box 9486.

PLAYWRIGHT, young, married, unestablished, suffering from voracious disease (not infectious), hort. experience, requires useful work, living wage. Box 9477.

BI-LING. Eng./Germ. Secretary/Sh./Typ., fluent French, methodical, organising & admin. ability, seeks responsible position, scope for intell. & initiative. Box 9533.

GERMAN Student seeks part-time commercial office practice, shorthand-typing, English/German, some French. Box 9469.

YOUNG woman, 26, seeks interesting worthwhile work, theatrical and secretarial exper., musical background. Box 9653.

LADY, 21, B.A. Hist. (Lond.), desires Historical Research work. Interested family archives. Anything considered. Box 9476.

EDUC. yng. lady, lit. interests, reqs. immediate employ. HAM. 5265. Box 9493.

SR.N., 25, psychiatric exp. sks. post London, 5-day week. Suggestions Box 9613.

YOUNG man, 29, intelligent & adaptable, cap. driver, sks. intg. sit. Box 9650.

ITALIAN Domestics & Mothers' Helps supplied from Italy. Mrs. Beaumont, Ltd., Agency, 158a Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.5. Telephone: FREmantle 9872.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

EMPLOYERS needing highly-qualified, experienced secretarial staff are invited to apply to Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

EDINBURGH. Accommodation assured or secured. All seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. 'Phone: 31905.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

DEVON. T'wint sea/moors. Country House, ideal relaxation, walks, touring, riding. Liberal table. Own produce. Indoor/outdoor recr. facs. Hayman, Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

ENJOY Sunny Days and a Late Holiday. Book now at "Normanhurst," the small, friendly Private Hotel in Sth. Coast resort noted for its fine climate. Vacs. 5½/8gns. wkly., fully incl. Meat/Vegetarian. Illus. brochures. Rec. by rdrs. Normanhurst, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

HOVE, comf. Guest House nr. sea, offers a few vacancies Sept. From 5gns. full board. From Oct. wk./ends or longer. 18 Rutland Gdns., Hove, 3. Tel. Hove 39389.

FOR autumn holidays in beautiful Derbyshire, come to Westminster Vegetarian Guest House, Broad Walk, Buxton. Tel. 929.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, lovely walks, Continental food, only 40 mls. London? 7gns. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in an hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

GUESTS welcomed in simple country house in lovely Cotswold valley. September 5gns, October 4gns. Steanbridge, near Stroud, Glos. Telephone Painswick 2312.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

CORNWALL: In lovely unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S., Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124. Lower rates from Sept. 10.

HORSHAM. Convalesce and recuperate at Honeywood House, Rowhook, Horsham, Sussex (phone Oakwood Hill 389). Nursing attention. Beautiful country residence. Excellent cuisine.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House. In beautiful quiet Buckinghamshire countryside. Why spend money and time on long railway journeys?

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House on the old-world Green of this famous seaside village. Sea, cliffs, downs. Hotel with friendly atmosphere, sunny rooms, first-rate food. Booking now for October and the winter. 8 and 9gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9gns. weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure: The Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

WEEK-ENDS or longer in lovely country house amidst most beautiful surroundings. Excellent food—reasonable inclusive charges—restful, friendly atmosphere. The Hallams, nr. Guildford. Tel. Bramley 306811.

FRENCH Riviera; Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin, 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Single B/S. for lady. 35s. p.w. inc. MEA 3613.

HIGHGATE, close Tube. Lux. divan room, new contemp. furn., concealed ckr. in rm., use k. b. 63s. MOU 9610.

YOUNG professional man wishes another to share his charming furn. flat, best part St. John's Wood. Box 9576.

CHILD-lover offered large bed-sit., every fac., 25s. & few hrs. help weekly. Garden, 'phone. W.10. Box 9502.

ROOM to let 37s. 6d., no service. 'Phone BATtersea 3565.

YOUNG woman offers another share furn. flat. 25s. p.w. MOU. 6124 after 7 p.m.

DIV. b/s. rms., pt. bd. 95s. Less sharing. 13 Park Ave., N.W.11. SPE. 8951.

WELL-furnished divan-room in very pleasant quiet 1st-floor flat, Belsize Park Gardens. Lady preferred. PRI. 2354.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HOLLAND Park Tube (3 mins.). Well-furnished 2-roomed flatlet. Use bath. Single occupation, 3gns. Also 3-roomed flatlet (sleep two), 4½gns. Box 9500.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

ATTRACTIVE B/s. room in private house. Mod. cons. Gdn. Serv. Brkfast. 2 mins. Maida Vale Tube & buses. CUN. 3417.

HIGHGATE, nr. Tube. B/Sits., bkfst., ev. snack. Prof. fam. 2½-3gns. Box 9550.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful sgle./dble. rooms, ckg. facs. HAM. 4585 after 6 p.m.

GOLDERS Green. Quiet tenant(s) reqd. for two contemporarily furnished rooms. Graduate landlords. MEA. 2280.

45s. Newly furn. divan-rms. H.C. Bkfst. opt. Fine radntl. house. TUD. 6713.

LARGE attract. ground-flr. bed-sits., fully equipped. Also small furn. flat, Bromley, Kent. RAVensbourne 0533.

CULTD. cpl. late 30s, no chln. sk. pt./unf. accom. Reas. Miles, WIM. 2482.

WANTED by businesswoman, bed-sitter convenient Holborn. Box 9573.

L.S.E. student (m), of equable disposition reqs. congenial accom. at reas. rent. Freedom from noise essential. Box 9585.

AUTHOR reqs. large unfurnished attic, W.C.1., S.W., W. Box 9622.

POSTGRADUATE student and wife need bedsitter, kitchenette. Cardiff. Box 9584.

VIOLINIST urgently reqs. studio/part house, N.W.3/8 area. Box 9651.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

LIGHT and cheerful comfortably furn. semi-basement, self-contained flat, Belgravia. 2 rooms, bath, kitchenette, constant hot water. 7gns. including light. Box 9558.

NO landlord mentality: large unusual s/c flat off Wimbledon Common, close shops, buses; recently replastered, needs decorating. Basic furnishings. 3 rooms, kit., sep. bath, w.c., cellar, tel. Use gdn. 5gns. WIM. 0568.

FURN. flat to let Oct. 9 mths. 1 lge., 1 medium bedrm., sunny sit. rms., piano, frig., 2 W.C.s, tel. 8gns. p.w. Box 9612.

TO Let mid-Sept. 1st fl. s/c. flat. 3 rooms, kit. & bath. Fully furnished, recently redecorated. Pleasant, quiet neighbourhood. Rent £384. PRI. 7328 (one year or more).

TO let immediately for six months, furnished house near Hampton Court. 2 double bedrooms, garage, garden. 'Phone Emberbrook 5922 or write Box 9644

SUITABLE Nature Cure Hydro, Rest Home. Old country house, beautiful setting (Herefordshire). Partnership considered or possible let. Box 9517.

S. CORNWALL, to let furn. stone-built house, October to August or shorter periods. Secluded beach. 3 reception, sleep up to 10. Suit author. Telephone, garage, electricity. 6gns. p.w. winter rising to 20 summer. Box 9515.

S. CORNWALL. 3 bedrm. cottage, mod. con. immersion heater. Close sea, shops. Yearly, 45s. wk. Winter mths. 30s. Box 9243.

FURNISHED flat in spacious country house, 21 miles London. Self-ctnd., 3 rms., kit., bathrm., garden, phone. £22 15s. mthly. Garage avible. Hoseyridge, Westerham, Kent. (Westerham 2322 aft. 7 p.m. or wkend.)

ALL-electric furnished cottage, suntrap, 1½ miles Pulborough, to let for six months from Oct. 1. 5½gns. a week. 3 bedrooms, 2 bath., kitchen, living-room. Apply with address and two referees. Box 9588.

SUSSEX.—Furn. all-electric cottage in village, 1½ hrs. Victoria; 3 bed., 2 sitt., etc., piano, 'phone. 6 mnths., Oct. 4gns. p.w. Box 9551.

HARVARD Professor desires furnished house with 4 bedrooms, from October 15 to June 15. Chelsea preferred. Box 9423.

MEDICAL stud. (f.) reqs. s/c. flat, part-furn./unfurn. 2 rms., kt., bath, own 'phone. W./N.W. London. Reas. Box 9504.

NORTH of river. Unfurn. flat wanted. Up to £5 p.w. Box 9392.

PROFESSIONAL woman anxious to find furn./unfurn. flat, Ealing or area. Reas. rent. Baby-sitting by arrangement. Box 9601.

CANADIAN professional couple seek warm flat central London. Box 9591.

YNG. cpl., child, req. p/furn. flat, acc. Westminster, reas. rent. Box 9567.

TWO medical students (f.) require flat, two rooms, N.W. or easy reach Middlesex, U. C. H. Box 9578.

UNIV. lect. (f.) sks. smi. unf. flat, mod. rent. W. or Cent. London. Box 9564.

TWO girls req. end September s.c. fur. flat, min. 3 rooms. Low rent essential. Earls Ct./W. End. Box 9540.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BLACKHEATH area. £2,800 frhld. Spacious semi-detached house, 13 rooms, partial cen. htg., lge. gdn., garage, nr. rail & bus. Vacant pos. within month. Box 9587.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "The Burnt Flower-Bed." Mems.

NEW Lindsey. BAY. 2512. 8 p.m. (except Mon.), Sun. 5 & 8. "Strangers' Wharf," by Iris Tree. Until Sept. 25. Mems.

IRVING. Sept. 15-21. 7.00 (ex. Mon.) E.D.G. in "Winter's Tale." VAN. 5546.

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until Sept. 11, "La Ronde" (X). From Sept. 12: "Welcome, Mr. Marshall" (U). "Thursday's Children" (U).

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank, Wat. 3232. Sat., Sept. 10. Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern in The Asphalt Jungle (A) Dir. J. Huston. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to publ.

UNITY: This weekend only! "Children of Hiroshima." Friday, Sat., Sun. at 7.45. From Sept. 16 Makarenko's famous "Road to Life." Book now! Mems. EUS. 5391.

ENGLISH Opera Group. Scala Theatre, Sept. 20 to Oct. 1. Full details & tickets from Box Office (MUS. 5731).

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones, Saturday, Sept. 17, 8-11. Members and their guests only. 3s. and 5s. Subscription 2gns. Entrance fee suspended until Sept. 15.

COME and enjoy yourself; meet old friends and make new ones at Central London Fabian Society's Autumn Reunion Dance at 6 Queen's Square, W.C.1. Sat. Sept. 10. 8-11.30. Adm. 3s. 6d. Und. Holborn.

"UNDER the Lanterns" Party to celebrate China's National Day Sat., Oct. 1, Royal Hotel, 8-12 p.m. Guest of Honour: Mr. Huan Hsiang, Chargé D'Affaires. Guest Artists presented by Harry Ross, Alan Loveday, Leonard Cassini, Miss Chin Yu and David Williams, Miss Julia Wu. Dance to Don Raine Young and his Band. Tickets 5s. 6d. from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 22B Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available at doors only.

PROGRESS in Piano Playing. Four Lecture-Discussions by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Sats., Oct. 22, Nov. 5, 19, Dec. 10, at 2.30. No tickets. Silver collection Mus. Benev. Fund. Partics. & detailed Syllabus from 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3 (HAM. 8256).

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society, 1955/6 season will include Haydn's Mass in D (The Imperial) and Mozart's Requiem. Practices Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. Good musicians in all voices are invited to apply to Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3 for details of audition on September 19.

TUESDAY Choir invites singers. Bach, Monteverdi, Gesualdo, etc., also modern. Practices Abbey neighbourhood. 7-9. Starting end Sept. Write Miss V. Erskine, Sec., Nonsuch Singers, 3 Cranley Gdns., S.W.7.

SEBASTIAN Singers performing Bach Cantatas and other works for small choir wish to expand this season. Rehearsals Hampstead Tuesdays 8-10 p.m. Further details from Secretary, 8 Pilgrims Lane, N.W.3. HAM. 9612.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Small Print of Vlaminck's Street Scene now published, 12s. 6d. plus tax 2s. 11d., of all good print shops or from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondriaan, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Last three days. Fri. and Sat. 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Victor Willing, Paintings. Frosso Eftimiadi, Sculpture. Open until Oct. 1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 until September 30. 1s., children 6d. Organised by "The Sunday Pictorial."

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Bryan Wynter. First London exhibition by Orix. Drawings by William Strutt (1825-1915).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Gerald Wilde Retrospective Exhibition, 1929. Opening September 15, 10.30-6, Sat. until 1. Closed Suns. Adm. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Fifth Exhibition of International Book Design. Daily 11-5, Thursdays 11-8. Non-members 1s. 3d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II Artists of Fame and Promise. An entirely new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WILLIAM Etty. Exhibition of Paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Sept. 10. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Adm. free.

IMPERIAL Institute, South Kensington. Annual Exhibition of South Eastern Federation of Art Societies, Sept. 9-30.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Helen Lempriere. Till Sept. 24. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Young Contemporaries—Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Fabian Social Research": Mary Stewart. Wed. Sept. 14, 7.30. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St. W.1. Visitors welc., 2s.

THE Business and Professional Forum. "Is Inflation Imminent?" A discussion on Mr. Butler's proposals. Speakers: L. Defries-Porter, LL.B., W. Hamling, B.A. Thurs. Sept. 22, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

CRISIS in North Africa. Over 30,000 already dead in new Terror. Come to Protest Conference, Saturday, Sept. 17, Denison Hall, S.W.1 (nr. Victoria Station), 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Organised by Arab Students' Union. Supported by Movement for Colonial Freedom and others. Adm. free. All welcome.

DISCUSSION: New Techniques for the Artist and Architect. Speaker: Ted Hollanby, A.R.I.B.A., Morris Room, 78 Regents Park Rd., N.W.1. Sunday, Sept. 11, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Students 1s. Arranged by the Artists Group of the Communist Party.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Re-opens Sept. 16. Every Fri. 6.30 p.m. Russian conversation. Lecture Sept. 16, 8 p.m. Benoit Hepner, "The Soviet Philosophy of History" (in Russian); Sept. 23, Prof. Ilyin, "The Lyre of David in Russian Poetry" (in Russian); Sept. 30, John Gregory, "The Russian School and the English Ballet."

THE Linguists' Club, N'ddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., Sept. 17. Mme. Gabrielle Latour (Alliance Française): "La philosophie de l'Ancienne Chine appliquée à son Art et à sa Vie."

"ESCAPADE": The Play and the Film. Talk by Mr. Sidney Cole, Asst. Producer. Sept. 18, 8 p.m., at 92, Cromwell Ave., N.6. Adm. 3s. 6d. Film Panel, Authors World Peace Appeal.

BUDDHIST Society. Public lecture, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Sept. 14, 6.30 p.m., Dr. Chung-yuan Chang, "The Influence of Taoism on the Formation of Ch'an Buddhism." Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly.

"THE Religion of Einstein"—Dr. W. E. Swinton. New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube Station. Mon., Sept. 12, at 8.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect. Sun. 8 p.m., Sept. 11: The Creative Will.

FOLK-Song Hunting in Bulgaria. Illus. talk by A. L. Lloyd. Thurs., Sept. 15, 7.30 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Rd.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting 8 p.m., Thurs., Sept. 15, "The Rising World Commonwealth."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HOW Europe's Democratic Socialists have approached their problems—a comparative study with T. F. M. McKitterick, P. Ericsson and distinguished foreign speakers. Central London Fabian Society Week-end School at Wilton Park, Sept. 16-18. £2 2s. excl. coach. Details N. Brewster, 97 Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

RECENT Developments in Science Sept. 23-25. Distinguished scientists will address Week-end Course at Missenden Abbey, Great Missenden, Bucks. on Recent Researches into the Uses of Science in the Service of the Community. Details from the Warden.

AUTUMN Courses, Urchfont Manor. Week-ends Sept. 30-Oct. 2, "Geology in Wiltshire" (including fieldwork); Oct. 21-23, "The American Theatre"; Nov. 11-13, "Science and Experience." Other courses on Art, Music, etc. Cost: £2 with full board for a week-end. Write for full programme to the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

TAKE six weeks at Friendship House, Germany. International Course for English-speaking peacelovers. Courses begin Sept. 26 & Nov. 6. Total cost £17 10s. plus fares. Particulars, Wm. Hughes, 35, Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

BECOME Your Own Economist! Ten-week course in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy (with discussion). Begins mid-September in Westminster, Croydon, Gantshill, Palmers Green, Welling (Kent). Write/phone for complete details. Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1. ABB. 6665. No fees.

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